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Labor Day Number

EDWARD PENFIELD JR.

DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

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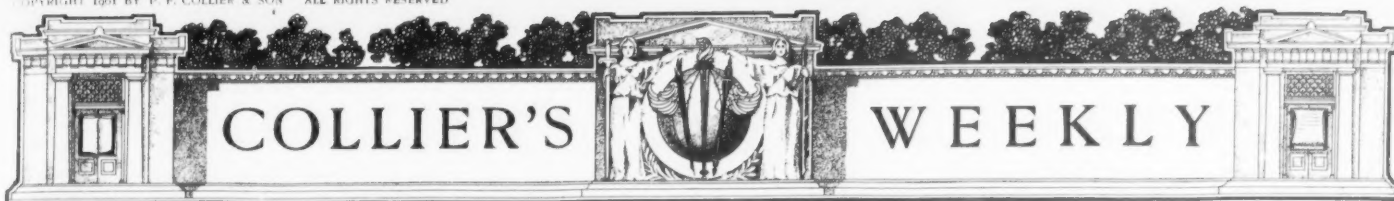
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The WEEK

TRULY OUR FORTUNES ARE IN THE LAPS OF the gods. Schley is on trial for cowardice, Sampson has been blackguarded into illness, Evans has been publicly upbraided by an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Cervera is to be presented with a silver cup as a testimonial of the admiration of the American people!

GENERAL MACARTHUR REPORTS FAVORABLY but conservatively on conditions in the Philippines. The rebellion is not entirely ended, but it rapidly approaches a close. Belligerent natives are coming in every day and surrendering their rifles. Business is improving. Civil government is in pretty general operation. But travel is not safe in a considerable part of the territory nominally occupied by the troops and probably will not be for some time.

ONE OF THE WORST SEA DISASTERS RECORDED this year was the loss of the Canadian steamship *Islander*, which struck a submerged iceberg off Douglas Island, Alaska, on August 15, and sank in fifteen minutes. More than forty persons lost their lives. The boilers are said to have exploded as the *Islander* foundered, but most of the fatalities were brought about by the passengers "rushing" the lifeboats. The officers and crew, on the other hand, behaved with great steadiness and courage after the ship struck, if with no great amount of skill before the disaster. The captain was among the drowned.

EXCELLENT RESULTS FROM WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY have been obtained through the enterprise of the New York "Herald." Although for reasons hard to determine communication has not always been satisfactory, news has been received at Nantucket Lightship from morning ocean vessels hours before it could have come through the ordinary channels, and in some cases it has been possible to take messages from passengers for their friends and relatives ashore. The experiments give the best proof the public has had of the practical possibilities of Professor Marconi's wonderful invention.

A "LEAGUE AGAINST SEASICKNESS" BELONGS IN Paris if anywhere. Nearly all Frenchmen, and alas! all Frenchwomen, are subject to this malady. The French nation to a man would subscribe to Cato's belief that there are two kinds of dead men—the dead in their graves and persons who travel by water. The "Matin" thinks seasickness furnishes one of the reasons why the French have been unable to keep step with other nations in colonial development, because a Frenchman who has suffered once the pangs of seasickness will never again trust himself to the perilous sea. But if the "Ligue Contre le Mal de Mer" should do what the doctors have been unable to do, accurately locate the cause and name the remedy, even the "good sailor" nations would have cause to thank its members.

SO MUCH IS HEARD OF CORRUPTION IN AMERICAN politics that it is a sort of testimonial to our relative honesty as a nation to know that there are others. The charge is publicly made that Cecil Rhodes paid £5,000 to the Liberal party in England, and in return for this "campaign contribution" it was tacitly agreed that the demand for the evacuation of Egypt should not be pressed. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harecourt angrily deny all knowledge of the contribution and the bargain; but it is certain that the money was paid to some one, and it is equally certain that the protest against the continued occupation of Egypt waned mysteriously and that the Liberals were unaccountably apathetic in the Jameson raid inquiry. Considering the price paid and the service rendered, we must say political services come uncommonly low in England.

DISCUSSION OF THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE CELEBRATED despatch from Santiago, beginning, "The fleet under my command offers the nation as a Fourth of July present," has been renewed with some acrimony among the disputants, but with no interest on the part of the public. All that need be said about it is that it was in the worst possible taste, but bad taste seems to be a failing of modern commanders. It is said the British Government was tormented during the early stages of the Transvaal war by the second-

rate rhetoric of despatches from the generals in the field. After the Tugela River disaster, while all England was waiting with its heart in its mouth for official news of the battle, the War Office received a despatch from General Buller beginning with the preposterous commonplace: "It is always darkest before the dawn"; following came an account of his disgraceful defeat.

SOME PENSION STATISTICS FROM THE COMMISSIONER'S report: Total number of persons on pension roll, 907,735; total amount paid since July 1, 1865, \$2,666,994,589. Growth of the payments: In President Grant's second term, \$114,395,357; in President Hayes's Administration, \$145,322,489; in President Garfield's and President Arthur's Administration, \$237,825,970; in President Cleveland's first term, \$305,636,622; in President Harrison's Administration, \$519,707,725; in President Cleveland's second term, \$557,950,407; in President McKinley's first term, \$560,000,547. The only cheerful feature of the report—cheerful, that is to say, for the taxpaying public—is the statement that the amount paid in the year ending June 30, 1901, was \$133,501,483, somewhat less than the yearly average of Mr. McKinley's first term. The difference is not great, but it is enough to make Corporal Tanner rage and the pension agents imagine vain things.

IF TROTTING NEEDS ANY LITERARY SANCTION IT has it from a sufficiently high authority—Dr. Holmes—whose comparison of the trotter with the running horse, to the disadvantage of the latter, will be recalled. But we suspect from the size of the crowds that went down to the race-track near New York the other day to see the great Cresceus beat another fine horse, The Abbot, that it needs no sanction more than it enjoys. Twenty thousand persons saw the thrilling contest in which Cresceus lowered the trotting race record for a mile—time, 2.03½. This may not seem fast to the present generation accustomed to flying bicycles and automobiles, but it is wonderful compared with the time of Rarus, Jay-Eye-See, and the other heroes whose exploits fascinated the boys of twenty years ago. Goldsmith Maid and Dexter would be company for the ordinary trotter that can be seen any afternoon flitting along the Speedway or country road before an intent person in a linen duster.

THE ILLINOIS AUTHORITIES ARE PROSECUTING the owners of diploma mills—not, of course, the universities of that neighborhood which rightfully commission young men to go out and fight the good fight against Ignorance and Error, but the unauthorized institutions whose diplomas are a sort of letter of marque and reprisal. This form of educational privateering is properly regarded as piracy, and punishment is in store for its patrons. The only requisite for a degree in these cases is money. The lean student is not required to cultivate science or literature on a little oatmeal. He sends in fifty dollars and speedily becomes D.D., or Ph.D., or LL.D., or whatever doctorate his fancy elects. He pays his money; he takes his choice. No great harm would come from the practice if the degrees were all purely honorary. Perhaps the diploma-mill doctors deserve these titles as much as the ex-Presidents and warriors who come away from Harvard or Oxford with LL.D. or D.C.L. tacked to their names. But when the sheepskin entitles a man to go out and pull the teeth or mix the potions of his fellow creatures something must be done in the public interest.

IN AN ORDER ADMONISHING MEN AND OFFICERS regarding their duty, Lieutenant-General Miles remarks on "unsoldierlike deportment on the part of some of the troops" cultivated "under the mistaken idea that a certain uncouthness of exterior and laxity of manners are the essential characteristics of a soldier." Naturally these are grave faults in the eyes of one of the most beautifully correct officers that ever blessed an army. But a good many people think the lounging, happy-go-lucky manner of our soldiers is the natural expression of the very qualities of independence of mind and freedom of limb that have enabled them to win battles. An exchange for the sort of discipline that is built up under the drill sergeant's cane would be hardly worth while if it were secured at the expense of these qualities. It might be different if General Miles were a Frederick. But he isn't—yet. Certainly our men seem more soldierly, using the word in a sense that would not be understood by a martinet, than the stiff backed but paper-backed soldiers one sees in London, or the heavy machine-made warriors to be encountered in Berlin. The writer imagines it was just such a loose-jointed, self-dependent army as this that won the

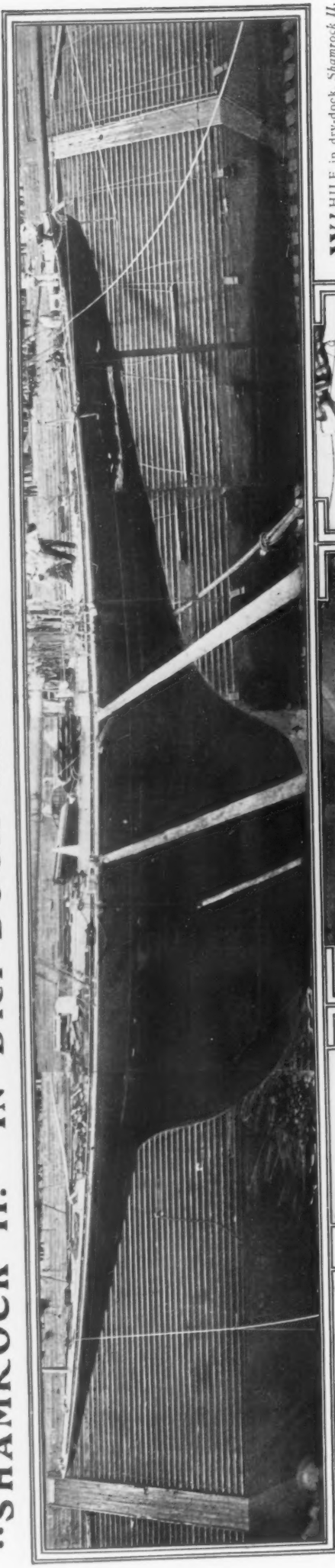
greatest of Napoleon's battles. Certainly it was such an army that fought under Grant, Sherman, and Lee.

THE OTHER DAY A NUMBER OF VOLUNTEERS IN Havana submitted to be bitten by infected anopheles mosquitoes in order to test the theory that yellow fever is propagated and distributed by these insects. In most of the cases the experiment was only partly successful. The human culture grounds developed slight symptoms of the fever. In one case it was entirely successful. The man died. This is not the first instance of a fatal ending of these experiments. In many fever-stricken districts all over the world—in Cuba, on the west coast of Africa, on the Roman Campagna—medical men and laymen are braving sickness and death in the interest of scientific progress. A well-known physician perished in Havana not long ago from yellow fever deliberately acquired in the laboratory. In Chicago, the Deputy Commissioner of Health has not been content to wait for chance to prove the truth or falsity of Dr. Koch's theory that tuberculosis is incommunicable from brutes to men. He has called for volunteers, and volunteers have come, to be inoculated with a non-fatal form of tuberculosis. The lives of these men are not endangered, but they are liable to temporary pain or disfigurement. We read about the cases without a thrill, but they involve a degree of courage and self-sacrifice at least equal to that displayed in battle by soldiers who are fondly remembered by mankind, while the names of these modest heroes are not even known to the public.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT is watching the struggle in South America with eyes in which it is not hard to see the lurking light of hopeful self-interest. The comments of the anti-American section of the German press rather more than indicate the expectation that the Venezuela-Colombia conflict will be a rock to split the Monroe Doctrine, and German warships are headed for the troubled waters "to protect German commercial interests," which appear to be in no great danger. This is one of the menaces of the situation. If Venezuela and Colombia were intent only on cutting each other's throats we could look on the struggle with equanimity and heartily wish both of them success. "Go in, husband; go in, bear," would be our motto. But the little republics are quite heedless of foreign complications and indifferent to the rights of non-combatants, and they are likely at any time to give a colorable excuse for a form of foreign intervention that we would find hard to dispute. In the end it may be necessary for our government in its own protection to give some such moral support to one or the other of the warring parties as we gave to the government of Brazil when it was threatened by the naval revolutionists. We may have to vary our duties as benevolent guardians with a little police work. The Department of State is awake to this possibility, and is sending to the Isthmus a force sufficiently large to control events if they are taken in time.

NEW YORK'S MOST DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN IS expected to arrive in his American principality next week, and from that time on the municipal canvass will take a livelier hue. Mr. Croker has not made public his intentions regarding his loyal citizens and none of the courtiers who have repaired to Wantage has brought a message from the exalted personage. In fact, the only communication from the court to the public has been a terse remark from one of the chief officers, who, when asked a long question as to the prospects of the campaign, looked out over the waters and said to his companion, "Sea-gulls, Mike!" Meanwhile, the disloyal citizens are raising a great tumult. They are indicting and arresting members of his highness's body-guard, and there is much talk of going "higher up." It must be said that Tammany men appear to regard the agitation with lofty disdain. No wonder. They have seen the same reform rockets go up before, and they have seen the sticks come down and break the heads of the reformers. No one can tell how far this warfare will be successful against an organization made compact by self-interest, intelligently disciplined and gaining its ends through a system of personal persuasion, reward and compulsion so intricate that the amateur politician can never quite understand it. But Tammany has been beaten before this, and it may be beaten again. The "Hall" and its leaders have one great weakness. They do their effective work in detail by a method that brings the leader in close communication with almost every individual in the community. They are incapable of understanding a great wave of sentiment sweeping across the community and destroying all their cunningly contrived barriers. And this is what may result from the horrible disclosures of corruption, extortion and oppression.

"SHAMROCK II." IN DRY-DOCK AT ERIE BASIN. AUGUST 15, 1901



IMMEDIATELY upon her arrival here, after her 3,000-mile voyage, *Shamrock II.* went into dry-dock at Erie Basin, Brooklyn. While her model was thus exposed, hundreds of persons crowded around. Most of the spectators, connoisseurs of beauty as applied to yachts, evinced their approval in appropriate bravos. They seemed to enjoy the fact that all the lines of the Lipton boat were utterly at the mercy of their critical eyes. No sooner had the water receded from the dock, leaving the challenger high and dry, than a score of cameras were trained upon her. The verdict of the experts present was that *Shamrock II.* exhibits many ideas gathered from American sources, that Designer Watson has made no radical departures in yachting architecture, but that the British boat proves a canvas marvel and a light-weather boat. The photographs reproduced on this page will give an excellent idea of the deck and underbody of the English yacht.



CAPTAIN SYCAMORE OF "SHAMROCK II."

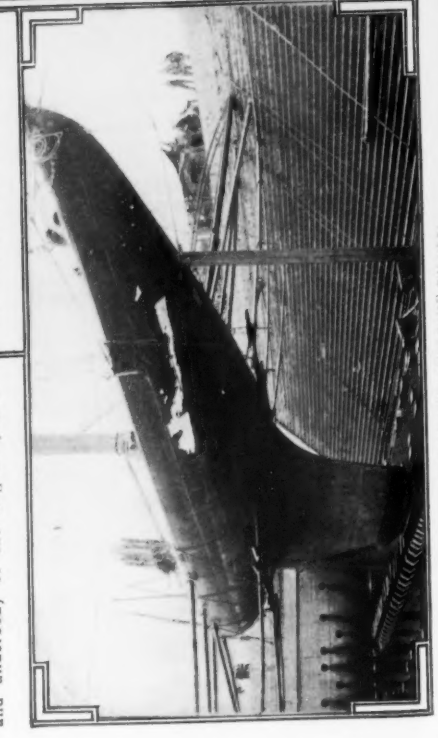


DECK VIEW OF "SHAMROCK II."



SAIL-MAKER THOMAS RATSEY

WHILE in dry-dock, *Shamrock II.* was scraped and sandpapered, and her "top sides" were given fresh coats of green paint. When the work of cleaning and overhauling, all under the supervision of Captain Sycamore, was finished, the yacht which is ballasted with the hopes of the British nation was towed to anchorage off Staten Island. While lying there awaiting the arrival of her owner, her sails were bent and everything aloft and aloft made ready for her first trial spin in American waters. Sir Thomas arrived August 21 on the *Tedonic*, and the trial spins began at once thereafter. All sorts of river and pleasure craft steamed as near as possible to the challenger, every night, when she came to anchor. The steamship *Porto Rico* was engaged as tender to *Shamrock II.*, and the crew of ninety men were made comfortable on board of her. This will be their home while they are in American waters.

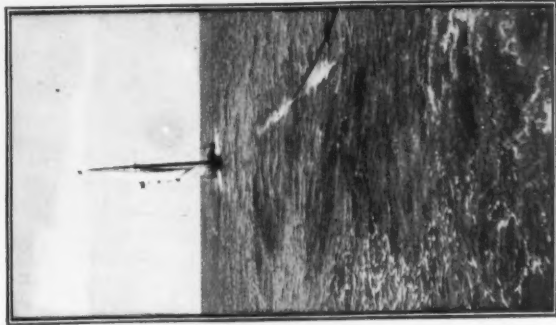


SHOWING "SHAMROCK'S" FIN REEL

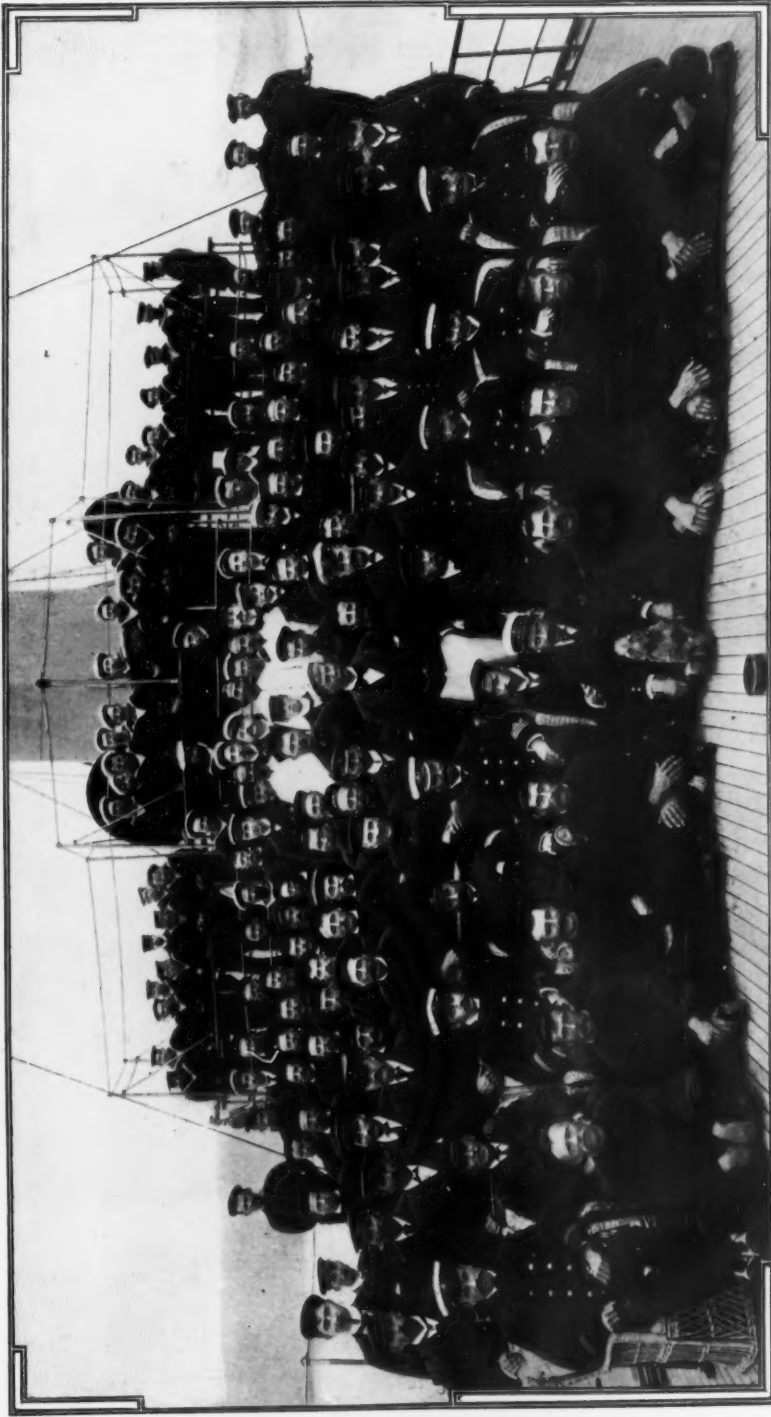


"SHAMROCK'S" UNDER-BODY

An Expert's View of "Shamrock II." By John R. Spears



"SHAMROCK II." SIGNALING "ERIN."



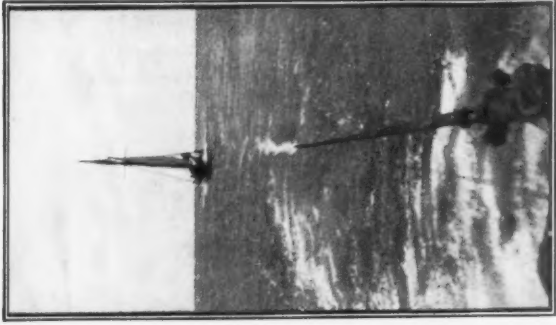
SIR THOMAS LIPTON AND CAPTAIN SYCAMORE WITH THE CREWS OF "ERIN," "SHAMROCK II." AND "SHAMROCK I."



THE TWO "SHAMROCKS" IN TOW OF "ERIN"



SIR THOMAS LIPTON WATCHING "SHAMROCK II." IN TOW



"SHAMROCK II." IN TOW OF "ERIN."

THE NEW Cup challenger, *Shamrock II.*, was in dry-dock for two days last week, where her bottom was carefully polished and a trifling leak, due to the breaking of one rivet, was repaired. Meantime her racing spars were set up and her sails made ready.

The model of *Shamrock II.*, when revealed in the dry-dock, created a decided sensation among the experienced spectators, but the underwater lines do not seem quite so dangerous as did those visible above water. The bow is exceedingly sharp and beautiful. She is sharp at both ends, and should part and leave the water more easily than *Constitution*. In fore and aft lines the challenger is superior.

But there is one element of doubt in this matter—the Herreshoff boats have a flat floor. From the turn of the bilge down to the fin keel is a flat surface. Since the day of *America*, the yacht with a flat floor has proved swifter than the one with rounding floor. *Shamrock II.* has a rounding floor. She displaces more water in proportion to her size than *Constitution*, and she has a larger skin, and so more skin friction. Whether the very sharp fore and aft lines more than make up for the lack of a flat floor, no man can tell now.

Then *Constitution's* flat floor makes her something like a scow, forward of the mast; *Shamrock II.* is much like a barrel there. It follows that *Constitution* will round and splash the water more than *Shamrock II.* But it does not follow that *Constitution* will be impeded more than *Shamrock* by heavy head seas, for *Constitution* never showed to better advantage than on the day she encountered the heaviest seas.

However, no shipyard view of the new challenger can definitely determine her ability. When we saw *Shamrock I.* out of water her lack of symmetry settled her fate almost at once, but *Shamrock II.* is a very different boat.

What the sharp now want for is a chance to see *Shamrock* under sail at a ten-knot clip, or, better, when the water is fairly smooth. They will then carefully note the *Constitution* drags her counter. It has been definitely shown that *Constitution* drags a wave that is far larger than that under *Columbia's* quarter. *Constitution's* sail power is so great that she is able to do this

and still travel faster than the old dander.

But, grievous to relate, *Shamrock II.* carries more sail than *Constitution*, in the main of about 14,750 to 14,800. If at her first sail test in a smart breeze the dragging wave is seen to be relatively small, it will be an ominous sign.

There is one other feature of *Shamrock's* model that is at once flattering to the American designer and yet prophetic of danger, water, and yet she is about twenty-five feet broad. The old "skinning-dish," *Grace*, that excited so much derision among British designers twenty years ago, was twenty-one and six-tenths feet broad and had a draught of six and six-tenths feet. In short, *Shamrock II.* is more of a skinning-dish than even the model decided of the old Yankee sloops. The old-time Yankee model whittled out by such rule-of-thumb designers as Captain Phil Elewirth, has been, in its chief proportions, proved to be the swiftest possible.

On the whole, the outlook for this year's Cup races is just now rather dark for the patriotic barnacles. The new challenger's failures in her earlier trials with *Shamrock I.* were misleading because her sails were badly balanced. That mistake has been corrected, and she has found herself.

But there is one hope on which the barnacles yet rest. They remember that when *Valerie III.* came here, *Delaware*, though better than *Valerie*, was structurally weak, and carried insufficient canvas; but the genius of Nat Herreshoff found a remedy for the defects, and she won at last. The barnacles now rest in the hope that Nat Herreshoff, aided by Mr. Butler Duncan and Captain Rhodes, will find a way to improve *Constitution*, if she really needs improving, to a point that will once more save the Cup.

The estimated dimensions of *Shamrock II.* are: Water line, 89.9; over all, 140; beam, 25; draught, 29; forward overhang, 25.1; after overhang, 27; bowsprit, 33; mast, from top of boom to top of mainmast, 146.2; mast, full length, 158.69; fore triangle (foot), 53; main beam, 112; girth, 69; topmast, 50; sail area, 14,750.

Present Appearance of the New East River Bridge

The foot-bridges shown hanging from the big cables connecting the two towers are only temporary structures for the use of the workmen. From these they wind the four main cables, each consisting of 37 strands, or 7,936 steel wires, which will give a diameter of 18½ inches to each cable. Cross-bridges at intervals enable the workmen to pass from one foot-bridge to another. The man responsible for the cables is Wilhelm Hildenbrand, engineer for John A. Roebling's Sons, who have the contract for this part of the work. City officials only are allowed to cross the foot-bridges at the present time, as the journey is anything but a safe one.



Japan's Tribute to the Memory of Commodore Perry

THE ARCH OF WELCOME

JAPANESE NAVAL ESCORT



BEFORE THE UNVEILING

FIGURES OF HEROIC SIZE, ERECTED BY THE PEOPLE OF MIURA COUNTY, REPRESENTING COM. M. C. PERRY, U.S.N., WHO OPENED THE WAY TO INTERCOURSE BETWEEN JAPAN AND THE CIVILIZED WORLD, AND A JAPANESE WARRIOR OF THE PERIOD

THE MONUMENT UNVEILED

Unveiling of the Monument to the American Naval Commander at Kurihama, July 14, 1901

MEMBERS OF THE SCHLEY COURT OF INQUIRY



Copyright by the Press Pub. Co.
ADMIRAL DEWEY

REAR-ADMIRAL A. E. K. BENHAM

REAR-ADMIRAL H. L. HOWISON

RECEPTION ROOM IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT, WHERE THE COURT WILL HOLD ITS SESSIONS.
A CAPTURED SPANISH FLAG HANGS ON THE WALL TO THE RIGHT

CAPTAIN S. C. LEMLY,
JUDGE ADVOCATE

The Schley Court of Inquiry, as finally selected by Secretary Long, is composed of Admiral Dewey, Rear-Admirals Howison and Benham, with Captain Lemly as Judge Advocate. The Court will convene in the second week of September. Admiral Schley has been in Washington for weeks looking over the official records and gathering evidence of a nature that he believes will "count" at the critical moment. Hon. Isidor Rayner, Attorney-General of Maryland, is the Admiral's principal legal adviser, and upon him will devolve the task of placing the case before the Court. Admiral Sampson, though ill and about to

take his place on the retired list, will probably be called as a witness. Meantime the whole country is as interested in this famous case as in a great political campaign. Both Schley and Sampson have adherents in every State. It is said that Rear-Admiral Schley receives daily a mail so voluminous that he has been obliged to have an extra stenographer to answer the letters of friends offering support. Owing to the public utterances of a few naval officers of high rank, orders have been issued forbidding comment of any kind on the controversy.

LABOR DAY—Conditions Now and One Year Ago



CARROLL D. WRIGHT

By CARROLL D. WRIGHT
U. S. COMMISSIONER OF LABOR

ONE YEAR AGO all inquiries as to wages and prices indicated beyond question that never in the history of the country were wages so high, while prices, although on the whole higher than at previous periods, had not advanced at the same pace that accompanied the advance in wages. In fact, upon many articles prices had fallen, especially relative to those prevailing during the two preceding years. Speaking broadly, then, the relative purchasing power of money at this time in 1900 was higher than it ever had been.

High wages alone indicate prosperous conditions, but when prices remain practically stationary while wages advance, the real wage is assured and the economic condition of labor established.

During the past year this satisfactory condition has been maintained. To be sure, there have been fluctuations in trade and production, but these fluctuations have not been sharp and severe to such an extent as to disturb general conditions. The volume of production has steadily increased. Wages here and there have been reduced slightly

to meet the reduction in orders in some lines. Comparatively speaking, the volume of production has enabled employers to keep labor employed up to the best limits of prosperous times, and so fully that we hear but little of the army of unemployed. The constant expansion of our foreign trade means the extension of all our industries, and this means good wages and fairly constant employment.

Many have thought that the prevalence of strikes during the past two years means the decadence of industry. On the contrary, as has been pointed out so many times, strikes are more frequent during good times than when industry is depressed. This is natural and logical. The great steel strike in Pennsylvania ought not to be considered as a discouraging element in production, for it is not the result of grinding conditions or of grievances real or fancied; and had times been dull and orders scarce, it would not have taken place. Strikes succeed when business is brisk to a far greater extent than when it is depressed.

Looking the field over broadly, and considering the fluctua-

tions that must accompany industry at all times, it is safe to conclude that comparatively the labor situation now is more satisfactory than it was a year ago. We cannot now—at once—secure the statistical data to sustain this conclusion; but we have the data to show clearly that one year ago, as stated, the relative purchasing power of money, or real wages, had then reached the very highest mark in the economic history of the country, and it is certain that nothing has occurred since then to destroy that condition; while, on the other hand, much has been done in the way of expanding industry, and so much that the conclusion is warranted that now the situation is even better than it was a year ago. The constant increase in the mechanical industries in the South—and there can be no doubt of this—is a sure proof of continued prosperity.

The increased volume of exports of manufactured products is convincing evidence of remunerative employment. The most satisfactory evidence, however, lies in the fact that, notwithstanding the numerous strikes of the present year, employers and employees are coming nearer and nearer together. They are taking more and more pains to understand the real conditions of production, and this effort is leading to more peaceful conditions everywhere. When a great strike can take place and not be based on grievances the industrial world must be advancing to a higher plane, where principles only are to be considered.

LABOR DAY—The First of the New Century



SAMUEL GOMPERS

By SAMUEL GOMPERS
PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN
FEDERATION OF LABOR

LABOR DAY, 1901, is the first of the new century, a century to be fraught with momentous results in every field of human activity. In spite of the fact that we have occasionally great industrial disputes, yet the organized labor movement in its essence stands for industrial peace, and presents a rational method for the inauguration of fairer and more just conditions for all.

The trade-union movement carries the scars of many cruel battles of the past. It exemplifies all tenderness and genuine sympathy with the sufferers of the present. It voices the hopes and aspirations of the masses for future freedom and justice.

At no time in the history of the world have the workers demonstrated more clearly their purpose to not only be just, but to demand justice. They realize that without organization, in this day of concentrated wealth and industry, their lives and their liberties are doomed.

They have organized, and are organizing, with greater rapidity than ever. The earnestness of their expressions, the sincerity of their actions, the solidarity of their move-

ments, the fraternity which they engender, all bespeak a brighter future for all who toil, for all who are dependent upon them.

The labor movement has no systems to crush. It has nothing to overturn. It proposes to build up, to develop, to rejuvenate humanity. It stands for the right. It is the protestant against wrong. It is the defender of the weak. Its members make the sacrifices and bear the brunt of battle, to obtain more equitable and humane conditions in the everyday lives of all our people.

Labor Day marks a new epoch in the annals of human history. It differs essentially from other holidays of the year in any country, for it glorifies no armed conflicts or battles of man's prowess over man.

It is in the best sense the modern knighthood in defence of the toiling men, women and children of our day.

Though now sanctioned by the laws of state and nation, Labor Day—labor's holiday—was celebrated by organized labor long before any legal enactment. No martial glory or warlike pomp signals Labor Day. The marching hosts of

workers manifest their growing intelligence and their unalterable determination for the effacement of the unnatural and brutal causes that impel man to raise his hand against his brother.

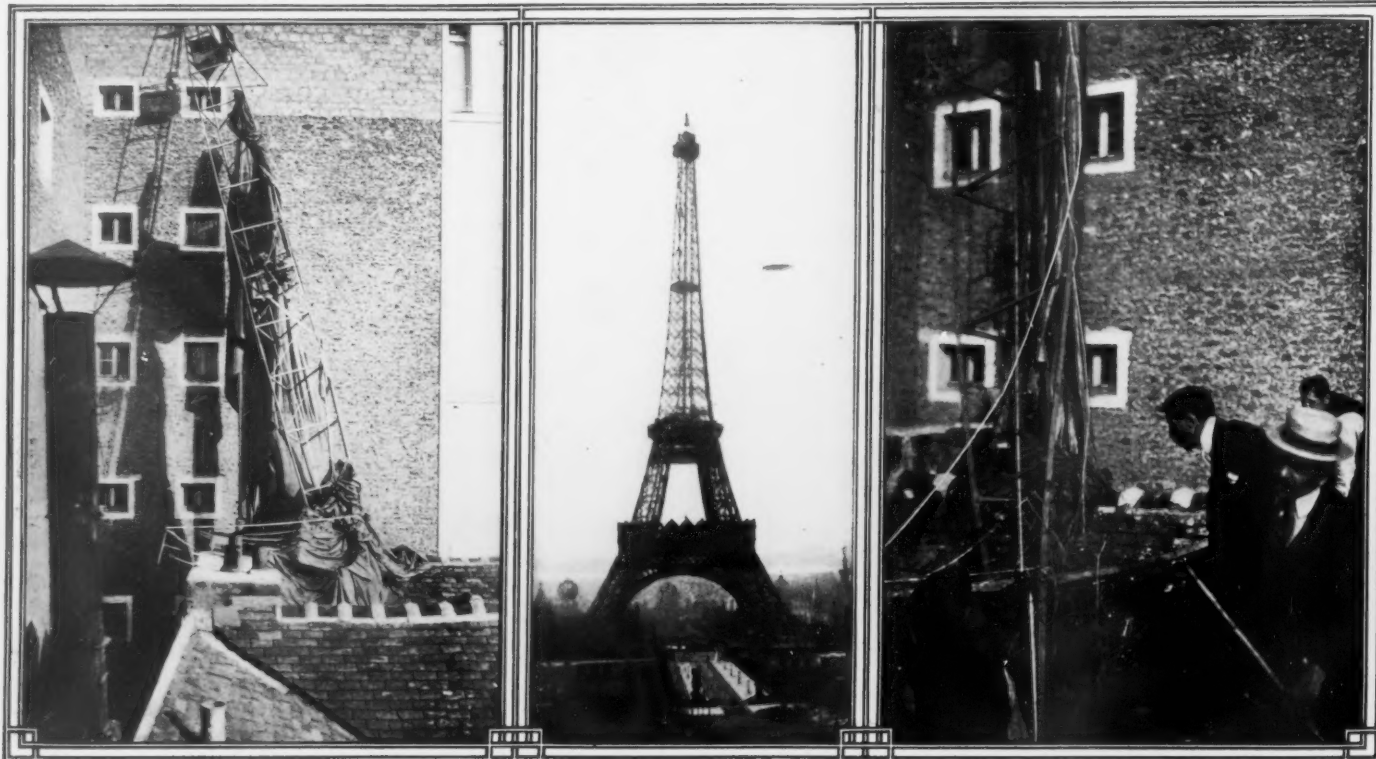
Splendid as has been the progress in organization and federation within the recent past, yet there is much to do to convince the yet unorganized workers that their duty to themselves, their wives and children, their fellow-workers, their fellow-men, is to organize and help in the great cause. The confidence of the indifferent, negligent, or ignorant non-unionist must be won or regained. Let us impress on his mind that he who will not stand with his brother for the right is equally responsible with the wrongdoer for any wrong done.

The organization of the workers not only quickens the conscience of those inclined to the wrong, but creates a healthier public opinion regarding the great cause for which the union stands. Hence unionists are urged to devote themselves unflinchingly and persistently to the work of bringing non-unionists within the folds of the organizations.

The workers can be free. Justice and right can and must be proclaimed, established, and maintained. The full realization of these principles can come only by the work, and sacrifices if necessary, of the hosts of unionists through whose earnest effort must be fulfilled their mission to unite the world of workers.

THE MISHAP TO M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S BALLOON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. GRIGATOFF, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



THE WRECK OF THE BALLOON

ROUNDING THE EIFFEL TOWER, AUGUST 8

M. SANTOS-DUMONT SUPERINTENDING REPAIRS

M. SANTOS-DUMONT made a second noteworthy attempt, August 8, to sail around the Eiffel Tower in his airship. To win the prize of \$20,000 offered by M. Henry Deutsch was the object of the venture. To do this the aeronaut was obliged to make the journey from the balloon park of Saint Cloud to the tower and back in twenty minutes. He rounded the tower, having run five miles in the remarkable time of 9 minutes and 20 seconds. Then he came to grief. The huge gas-inflated contrivance burst like a toy balloon. The wind struck the wrecked ship broadside and carried it with great rapidity back toward the tower, and it quickly began to drop. The aeronaut's life at that moment was in grave peril, but fortunately the balloon settled in a

sort of alley between two buildings, and lodged there, half-way between roof and ground. A rope was thrown to the balloonist and he was hauled up unhurt. He had dropped only 45 feet, and to the strength of the car itself, when caught between the houses, the intrepid air-sailor owed his life. All this happened at six o'clock in the morning, and yet all Paris knew of the accident, and a vast multitude gathered as if by magic, to cheer and congratulate the balloonist. M. Deutsch, who offers the great prize, said he would rather pay over the money on the spot than have his friend again risk his life. M. Santos-Dumont's balloon was completely destroyed, but the plucky aeronaut has rescued what remains of the frame, and will reconstruct his airship and try again.

THE DISASTROUS STORM AT NEW ORLEANS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L. E. GORMER

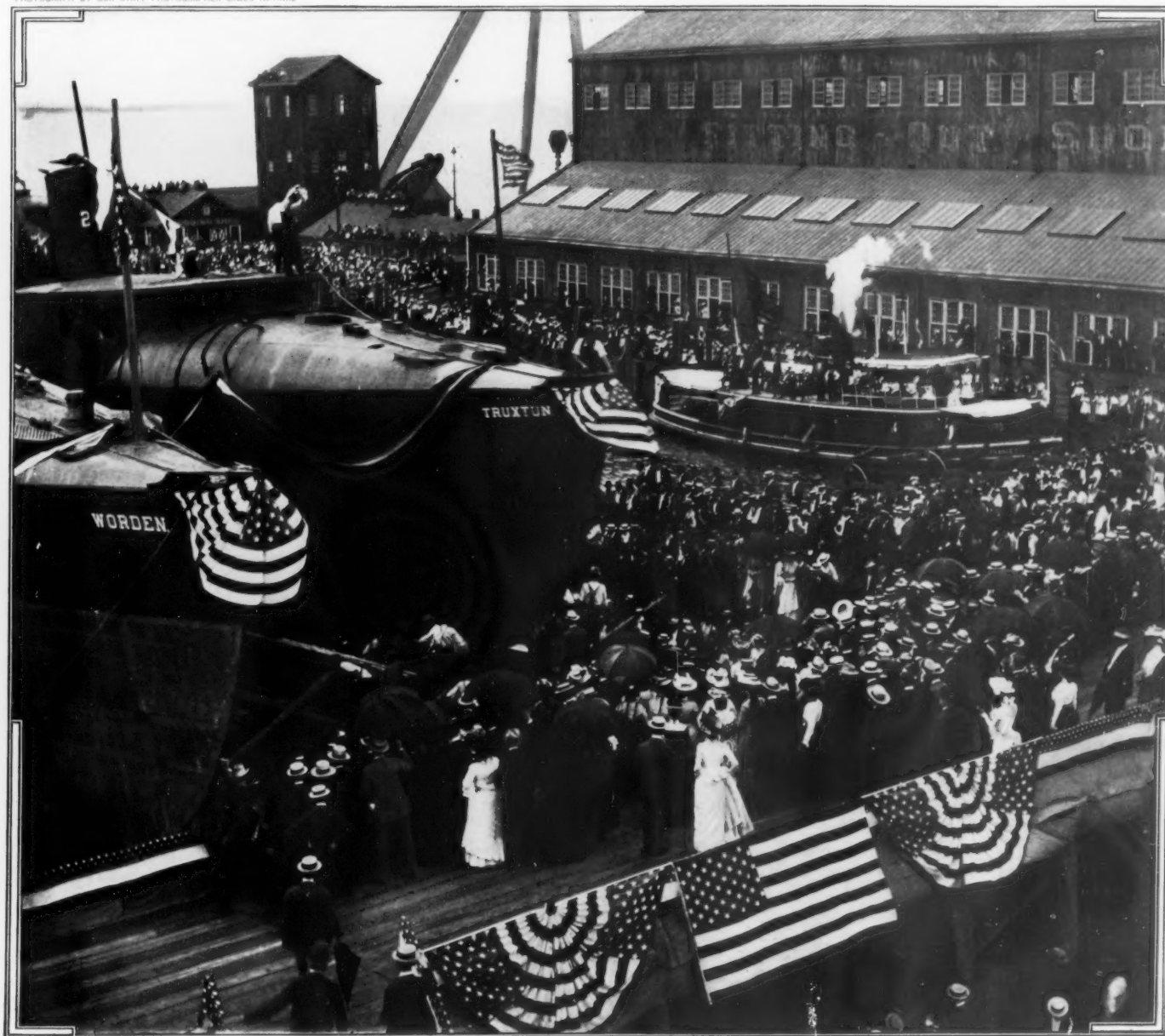


DAMAGE AT THE REVETMENT LEVEE, WEST END

MILNEBURG, A SUBURB OF NEW ORLEANS, AFTER THE STORM

WRECKED PLEASURE RESORTS ALONG THE SHORE OF LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HASE



THE "TRUXTUN" AT THE MOMENT OF LAUNCHING—THE SPLASH OF THE CHAMPAGNE MAY BE SEEN ON THE BOW



TRIPLE LAUNCHING AT BALTIMORE

THE "WHIPPLE," "TRUXTUN," AND "WORDEN," THREE THIRTY-KNOT TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS, ADDED TO THE U. S. NAVY



MISS ISABELLE TRUXTUN, WHO NAMED THE "TRUXTUN"
PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST

THE three swiftest torpedo-boat destroyers yet built by the United States, and the largest in the world, were launched at the Maryland Steel Company's shipyard, in Baltimore, August 15. It was the first time in the navy's history that three ships were water borne on the same day. The new boats were the *Whipple*, the *Truxtun* and the *Worden*. Almost simultaneously three young ladies broke bottles of champagne on the bows of the fighting machines—Miss Isabelle Truxtun of Norfolk and Miss Emilie Worden christening the boats bearing their names, and Miss Elsie Pope, of St. Paul, the *Whipple*. Miss Truxtun is the granddaughter of the famous sea-fighter, Commodore Truxtun, for whom one of the boats was named.

Two thousand persons, including State, army and navy officers, from the decks of private yachts, public steamboats and in the yards, cheered each boat as it slid down the ways.

The three destroyers are exactly alike. They are 259 feet 6 inches long, 22 feet 3 inches wide, and 14 feet 8 inches deep. They draw nine feet of water, and have a nominal displacement of 433 tons. They are expected to make thirty knots under natural draught, being propelled by two four-cylinder triple-expansion engines, which will develop 8,300 horse-power. Each will carry six 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, two 2-pounders, and two torpedo tubes. Comparatively commodious quarters for the crews are a special feature, made possible by the superior size of the vessels. The cost of each boat, when completed, will be about \$285,000.

Each boat will have a complement of 64 officers and men. The maximum coal capacity of each will be 232 tons. The trial runs of the boats will probably take place either off Newport News or Boston, some time next spring. They will be sent first to the Torpedo Station at Newport for inspection. There are now more than twenty of these torpedo-boat destroyers in the United States Navy.



MISS ELSIE POPE, WHO NAMED THE "WHIPPLE"
PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST

The Maid and the Roses



A maid, with beauty as irradiant dowered
As decked the maids of Grecian glade and
grove;

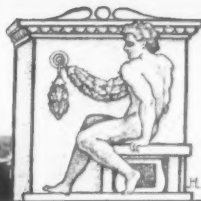
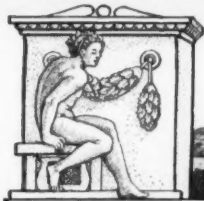
And roses fair and fragrant as e'er flowered
When gallant minstrels hymned the rose—
and Love!

What does she see the while her pensive gaze
Rests on the petals? What she holds?
ah, no!

Rather the blossoms of the dear dead days,—
The roses that he gave her long ago!

CLINTON SCOLLARD





THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE Author of "The Decemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volonius, exiled from Italy for conspiring against the government, adopts a boy companion, afterward proscribed as an abettor of the Prince and eventually known in Rome as David Rossi, the anarchist leader. Roma, the Prince's daughter, now resides there too, under the tutelage of Baron Bonaino, Italy's Prime Minister. The intimate relations with which gossip credits them being alluded to in a public speech by Rossi, an intrigue is consequently, with Bonaino's co-operation, set afoot to ruin him. But Rossi, persuaded he has made a mistake, offers Roma audivas. She ceases to wish for revenge, and finally returns the passion he conceives for her. The Baron, learning of this, and becoming still more embittered against his rival in love and politics, treacherously orders his arrest in connection with a popular demonstration against the government. But Rossi escapes to England, after a secret church marriage with Roma. Tortured by conscience, in a letter to David she makes a half-avowal of her former intimacy with Bonaino. Rossi's reply is reassuring, whereupon Roma tells him all. Meanwhile, Bruno Rocco, a disciple of Rossi, has been tricked into signing an alleged confession, to enable Bonaino to secure Rossi's conviction as a conspirator. Being put on trial, Rocco retracts his confession, denounces Bonaino, and then commits suicide by taking poison. Roma, who has had no word from David Rossi since her avowal, is now summoned to an audience with the Pope, who persuades her to denounce Rossi, on the King's promise to pardon him after conviction. Rossi is arrested, but escapes from the police. Bonaino tries to coerce Roma into consenting to marry him. Rossi appears, shoots Bonaino, and then claims "sanctuary" at the Vatican. Roma assumes the responsibility for Bonaino's death, and is tried and condemned to life imprisonment. The Pope visits her in response to her request to be received into the Church. She confesses to him that Rossi shot Bonaino. The Pope visits Rossi and admits to him that he is his father. Troops appear before the Vatican to enforce a demand for the surrender of Rossi.

VII



THE DOCTOR of the Engineers, not entirely satisfied with his diagnosis of Roma's illness, prescribed a remedy of unalloyed virtue—hope. It was a happy treatment. The past of her life seemed to have disappeared from her consciousness and she lived entirely in the future. It was always shining in her eyes like a beautiful sunrise.

The sunrise Roma saw was beyond the veils of this life, but the good souls about her knew nothing of that. They brought her every piece of worldly intelligence that was likely to be good news to her. By this time they imagined they knew where her heart lay, and such happiness was in her white face when as soldiers of the King they whispered treason that they thought themselves rewarded.

They told her of the attempted attack on the Vatican with all its results and consequences—army disorganized, the Sessistori Barracks shut up, and soldiers wearing republican cockades and marching arm-in-arm, the Government helpless and the Quirinal in despair.

"I'm sorry for the poor young King," she said, "but still . . ."

It was the higher power working with blind instruments. Rossi would come back. His hopes, so nearly laid waste, would at length be realized. And if, as she had told Elena, he had to return over her own dead body, so to speak, there would be a side of justice even in that. It would be pitiful, but it would be glorious also. There were mysteries in life and death, and this was going to be one of them.

She was as gentle and humble as ever, but every hour she grew more restless. This conveyed to the soldiers the idea that she was expecting something. Notwithstanding her plea, they thought perhaps she was looking for her liberty out of the prevailing turmoil.

"I will be very good and do everything you wish, doctor. But don't forget to ask the Prefect to let me stay in Rome over to-morrow. And, Sister, do please remember to waken me early in the morning, because I'm certain that something is going to happen. I've dreamed of it three times, you know."

"What a pity!" thought the doctor. "Governments may fall and even dynasties may disappear, but judicial authorities remain the same as ever, and the judgments of the courts must be carried out."

Nevertheless he would speak to the Prefect. He would say that in the prisoner's present condition the journey to Viterbo might have serious consequences. As he was set-

ting out on this errand early the following morning he met Elena in the ante-room, and heard that Roma was paying the most minute attention to the making of her toilet.

"Strange! You would think she was expecting some one," said Elena.

"She is, too," said the doctor. "And he is a visitor who will not keep her long."

The soldier who brought Roma her breakfast that morning brought something else that she found infinitely more appetizing. Rossi had returned to Rome! One of the boys below had seen him in the street last night. He was going in the direction of the Piazza Navona and nobody was attempting to arrest him.

Roma's eyes flashed like stars, and she sent down a message to the Major, asking to be allowed to see the soldier who had seen Rossi.

He was a big, ungainly fellow, but in Roma's eyes who shall say how beautiful? She asked him a hundred questions. His dense head was utterly bewildered.

The doctor came back with a smiling face. The Prefect had agreed to postpone indefinitely the transfer of their prisoner to the penitentiary. The good man thought she would be very grateful.

"Ah, indefinitely? I only wished to remain over to-day. After that I shall be quite ready."

But the doctor brought another piece of news which threw her into the wildest excitement. Both Senate and Chamber of Deputies had been convoked late last night for an early hour this morning. Rumor said they were to receive an urgent message from the King. There was the greatest commotion in the neighborhood of the Houses of Parliament, and the public tribunes were densely crowded. The doctor himself had obtained a card for the Chamber, but he was unable to get beyond the corridors. Nevertheless, the doors being open, owing to the heat and crush, he had heard something. Vaguely, for five minutes, he had heard one of their great speakers.

"Was it . . . was it perhaps . . ."

"It was."

Again the big eyes flashed like stars.

"You heard him speak?"

"I heard his voice at all events."

"It's a wonderful voice, isn't it? It seems to go through and through you. And you really heard him? Can it be possible! Oh, it will all work out for the best. You'll see it will."

Elena, the sad figure in the background of these bright pathetic scenes, thought Roma was hoping for a reconciliation with Rossi. She hinted as much, and then the fierce joy in the white face faded away.

"Ah, no, I'm not thinking of that, Elena."

Her love was too large for personal thoughts. It had risen higher than any selfish expectations.

"But it's marvellous," she said. "To think that I had so nearly destroyed him, and out of my very denunciation comes all this triumph! God has done it all. He does everything. You wouldn't think it sometimes, but it's so."

They helped her out on to the loggia. The day was warm and the fresh air would do her good. She looked out over the city with a loving gaze—first toward the Piazza Navona, then toward the tower of Monte Citorio, and last of all toward Trinità dei Monti and the House of the Four Winds. But she was seeing things as they would be when she was gone, not to Viterbo, but on a longer journey.

"Elena?"

"Well?"

"Do you think he will ever learn the truth?"

"About the denunciation?"

"Yes."

"I should think he is certain to do so."

"Why I did it, and what tempted me and . . . and everything?"

"Yes, indeed, everything."

"Do you think he will think kindly of me then, and forgive me and be merciful?"

"I am sure he will."

A mysterious glow came into the pallid face.

"Even if he never learns the truth here he will learn it hereafter, won't he? Don't you believe in that, Elena—that the dead know all?"

"If I didn't how could I bear to think of Bruno?"

"True. How selfish I am! I hadn't thought of that. We are in the same case in some things, Elena."

The future was shining in the brilliant eyes with the radiance of an unseen sunrise.

"Dear Elena?"

"Yes."

"Do you think it will seem long to wait until he comes?"

"Don't talk like that, Donna Roma."

"Why not? It's only a little sooner or later, you know. Will it?"

Elena had turned aside, and Roma answered herself.

"I don't. I think it will pass like a dream—like going to bed at night and awakening in the morning. And then both together—there."

She took a long deep breath of unutterable joy.

"Oh," she said, "that I may sleep until he comes—know-

ing all, forgiving everything, loving me the same as before, and every cruel thought dead and gone and forgotten."

She asked for pen and paper and wrote a letter to Rossi:

"DEAREST—I hear the good news, just as I am on the point of leaving Rome, that you have returned to it, and I write to ask you not to try to alter what has happened. Believe me, it is better so, and there is a side of justice in the way things have fallen out. The world is full of work for you yet, and you must go on from strength to strength, never turning back, whoever drops by the way. Do not allow yourself to think of that occurrence as a crime. It was a judgment. Therefore leave matters alone. It is my last request. And if in the far-off future people say, 'She betrayed him, yes, but she gave herself up for him at the end,' it will be very sweet to think of where I shall be."

"I am to be removed to Viterbo shortly, but don't think I shall be long away. I shall soon rejoin you. Do you know how I mean? The instant it happens I shall be with you, and I shall remain with you always and you will not be afraid."

"God bless you! You were angry with me when we parted, but more than ever to-night I love you. Don't think our love has been wasted. 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. How beautiful!—ROMA."

"I send you another lock of hair. Do you forget that I gave you one before? But then you have so many things to remember."

Having written this letter, and put her lips to the inclosure, she addressed the envelope in a bold hand and with a brave flourish: "All! Illustrissimo Signor David Rossi, Camera dei Deputati."

"You'll post this immediately I am gone, Sister," she said.

Elena pretended to put the letter away for that purpose, but she really smuggled it down to the Major, who despatched it forthwith to the Chamber of Deputies.

"And now I'll go to sleep," said Roma.

She slept until midday with the sun's reflection from the white plaster of the groined ceiling of the loggia on her still whiter face. Then the twelve o'clock gun shook the walls of the castle, and she awoke while the church bells were ringing.

"I thought it was my dream coming true, Sister," she said.

The doctor came up at that moment in a high state of excitement.

"Great news for you, Donna Roma. The King has abdicated and a Republic has been proclaimed!"

Roma's trembling and exultant eyelids told a touching story.

"Is there anything to see?"

"Only the flag on the Capitol."

"Let me look at it."

He helped her to rise. "Look! There it is on the clock-tower. It is going up now."

"I see it. . . That will do. You can put me down now, doctor."

An ineffable joy shone in her face.

"It was my dream after all, Elena."

After a moment she said, "Doctor, tell the Prefect I am quite ready to go to Viterbo. In fact, I wish to go. I should like to go immediately."

"I'll tell him," said the doctor, and he went out to hide his emotion.

The Major came to the open arch of the loggia. He stood there for a moment, and there was somebody behind him. Then the Major disappeared, but the other remained. It was David Rossi. He was standing like a man transfixed, looking in speechless dismay at Roma's pallid face with the light of heaven on it.

She did not see Rossi, and Elena, who did, was too frightened to speak. Lying back in her bed-chamber with a great happiness in her eyes, she said:

"Sister, if he should come here when I am gone . . . no, I don't mean that . . . but if you should see him and he should ask about me, you will say that I went away quite cheerfully. Tell him I was always thinking about him. No, don't say that either. It might make him unhappy to think I loved him so much at the last. Certainly it would have been sweet, as you say, to be reconciled before going, but he must never think I regretted what I did, or that I died broken-hearted. Say farewell for me, Elena. Adio Carissima! That's his word, you know. Adio Carissima!"

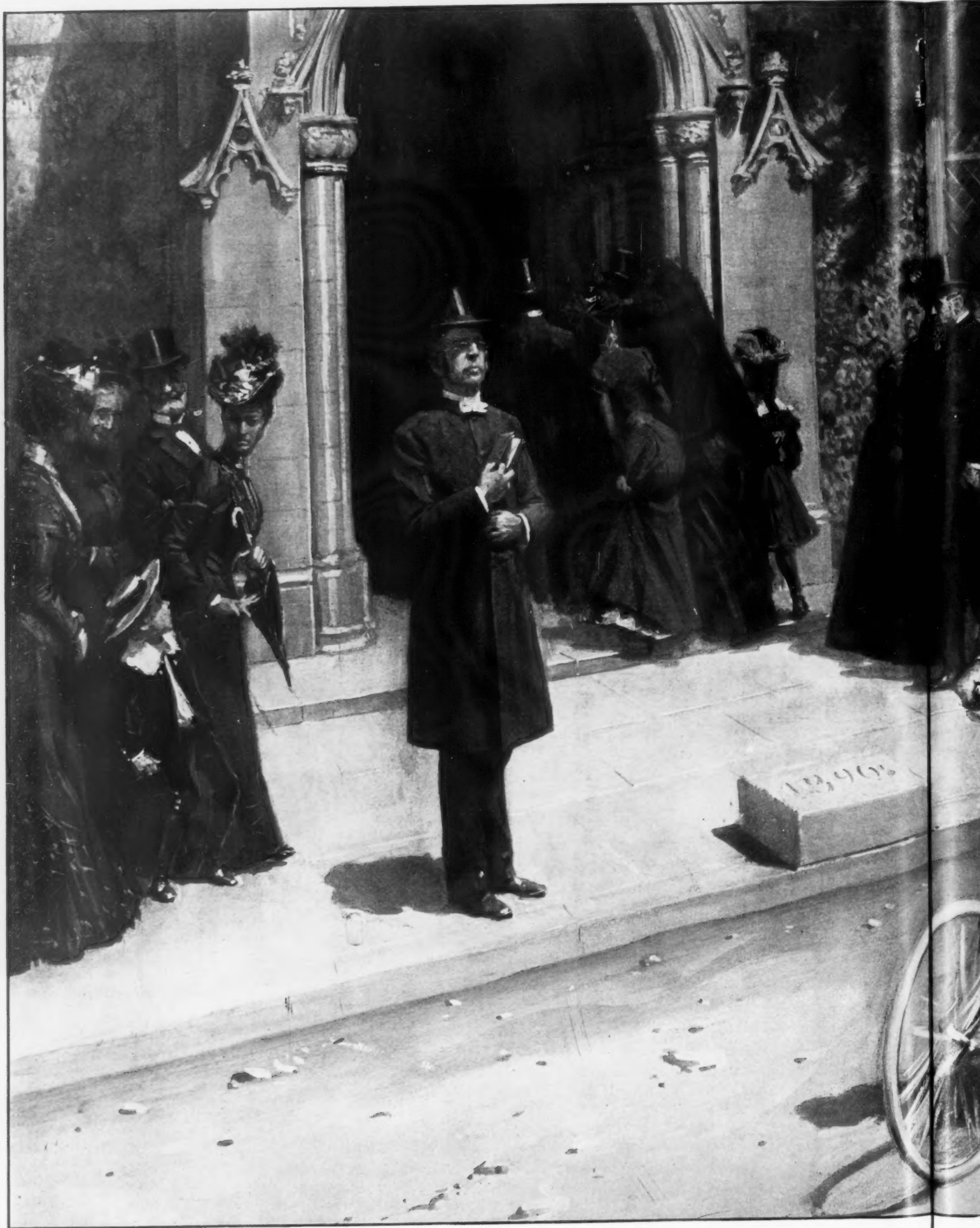
Rossi, blinded with his tears, took a step into the loggia, and in a low voice, very low and soft and tremulous, as if he were trying not to startle her, he cried:

"Roma!"

She raised herself, turned, saw him, and by a supernatural effort rose to her feet. Without a word he opened his arms to her, and with a little frightened cry she fell into them and was folded to his breast.

VIII

THE scene in the Chamber of Deputies, from which Rossi had come, was irregular and without precedent, as all great



"SAINTS AND

DRAWN



SINNERS"

DLEY

THE ETERNAL CITY

incidents are, but vivid and deeply moving. Ten o'clock was the hour for which the Chamber was convoked, but long before that time every bench was occupied, and all the public galleries were packed. While waiting for their President the Deputies occupied themselves with conversation on the events of the last days which had left everybody dizzy by their rapidity and importance. The latest news was that the Court was in disarray, the courtiers were dispersing in terror, the Quirinal was deserted by the worshippers who had formerly thronged the palace, and the young King, who had heaped honors upon flatterers, was left alone.

As the minute fingers of the clock approached ten the buzz of voices died down. Then in the hush of awaiting there came a new subject of interest. David Rossi was seen to enter the House from behind the partition that ran by the side of his seat. He was very pale and somewhat thinner than before, but calm and strong. His frockcoat was buttoned over his breast and his hair was more carefully brushed than usual. He bowed to no one and took his place without raising his head.

The bench of the Ministers alone was unoccupied when the President entered the House. After his secretaries had taken their seats, he rang his bell in the breathless silence, and then arose with a paper in his hand.

"I am commanded by His Majesty to present a communication to the Chamber," he said. Then unfolding the paper he began to read:

"The acts of disobedience and violence committed against Us during the past week, and the indications of a disposition to break into others, force Us to withdraw for the present from our subjects, whom we still as ever love.

"During the last eight years we have made every practical effort for the benefit of Our people, and can only grieve if they divinely may be the chief or only obstacle to the pacification of Italy. We now abdicate Our throne, and commend to the lawful authorities the duty of preserving order, protecting the palaces, the churches and public monuments, and saving Our subjects from the horrors of civil war."

The President sat down in silence. The silence lasted a few moments only; it was followed by the hum of five hundred voices.

Suddenly a clear voice was heard above the babel. "Mr. President, I ask permission to speak." It was David Rossi.

"The Honorable Rossi has the word," said the President, and the multitudinous voices died down to silence.

"I move," said Rossi, "that every honor be paid to His Majesty on taking his departure from Rome. The traditions of his royal house, the bravery and fidelity of his ancestors, entitle him to respect. But his own unblemished character demands our homage also, and it is not his fault that as the representative of a doomed and dying system he must be the last of the sons of Italy to tread the path of exile."

After the motion had been put to the House and carried, Rossi again rose and said:

"Mr. President, we cannot lose time in vain formalities. The delay of a moment would be a crime. The monarchial principle being dead in Italy, the people must seize the helm of state. I move (1) That the King has abdicated *de facto* and *de jure*; (2) That the form of government shall henceforth be a pure democracy; (3) That the Roman Pontiff, who has publicly affirmed that his kingdom is not of this world, shall enjoy all guarantees for his independence in the exercise of his spiritual power."

The motion was carried without dissent amid shouts of "Long live the Republic." When the huzzas had ended David Rossi rose a third time.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the Republican eagle alone will not work miracles, and God knows what trials are in store for the modern structure which we are now raising on the ruins of ancient society. We are on the edge of a precipice, and it is right that we should remember the dangers of our position. Unless we act wisely now, the lack of education in our people, the unfitness of our habits for republican institutions, and the other bad fruits of the past regime, may work evils worse than those of a theocratic government. But the country that a plebiscite of the entire nation be taken forthwith for the election of a President who shall form a council that will give a stable organization to the commonwealth; and meantime that a provisional government be appointed composed of the following members."

He read a list of twelve names taken from every side of the House, and sat down amid loud shouts of his own name also.

Three or four Deputies rose immediately. The first to speak was from the extreme Right. He said it was the duty of those who had been chiefly responsible for the crisis to meet its responsibilities, therefore the Honorable Rossi had to speak from the extreme Left. He said it was characteristic of their leader not to think of himself when honors had to be distributed, but his followers would demand that he should take his share of them. Men in power had used every evil machination to make him a victim, and even a woman had been employed to corrupt and betray him; but he had escaped unscathed, this was his hour of triumph, and he must be prepared to enjoy it.

People afterward remembered that at that moment the King and his abdication were forgotten. All eyes were on Rossi. He sat with bowed head, trifling with his watch-chain, as his habit was when moved or undecided. At length he rose once more, and his fourth speech wiped his previous ones utterly out of memory. His lips trembled slightly and his voice had

the note of a solemn and poignant melancholy that was deeper than pathos. The people in the galleries had risen to their feet and were stretching their necks to see.

"My friend says this is my hour of triumph," he said, "It is the reverse of that. It is my hour of shame. He thinks I have been the victim of a woman. He is wrong. The woman is my victim. She lies in prison under the stigma of crime, but I alone am guilty. It was my hand that struck down the late Prime Minister. That was why I disappeared a week ago. And that is why I came back to-day."

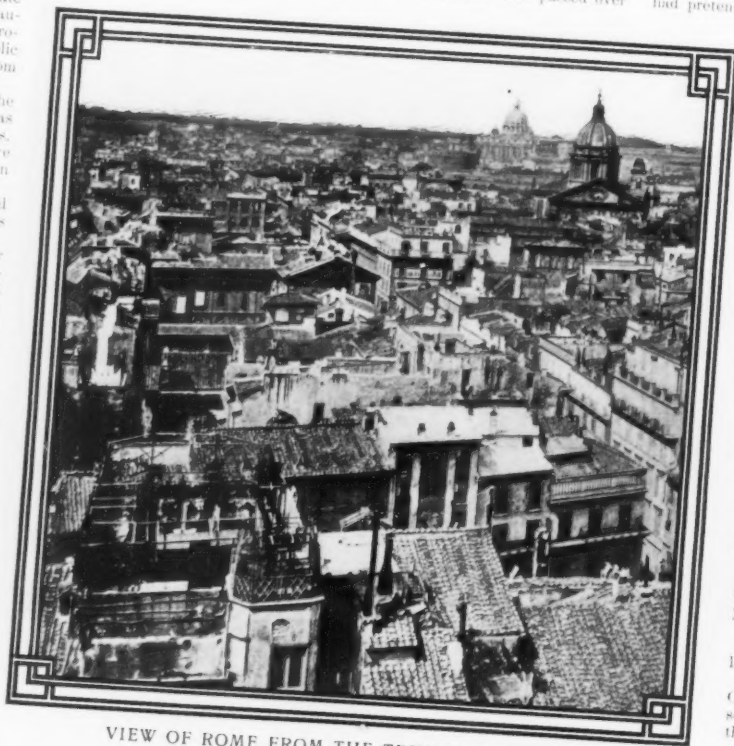
The consternation produced by these words was indescribable. People were too dazed to know what to think.

"I came back," the poignant voice continued, "to deliver myself up to the Chamber because the warrant already issued against me is now useless, and because, being a Deputy and therefore the representative of more than myself, I am sublimely upon the Chamber in this way, and only the compulsion of the moment has prevailed with me to do so."

The silence was awful, and every word seemed to ring in a half-opened sepulchre.

"Now you know why I did not include my own name in the list of a provisional government. It was neither modesty nor fear of duty, but the sense of being stained and therefore impossible. Only for that how proud and how eager I should have been to support my country in this epoch of regeneration, this reawakening of the great foundations of a new civilization. But in this one thing I am like another man. I have sinned, and I may stand on the frontier of the promised land, but I may never enter it. Such is the expiation demanded by the Almighty."

He paused and looked round. A pitiful smile passed over



VIEW OF ROME FROM THE TRINITA DEI MONTI

his face, and the Chamber concluded that he was about to make a sentimental farewell to the scene of so many struggles, successes and defeats. But after a moment he said simply:

"Mr. President, I place myself at the disposition of Parliament."

The moment he had sat down one of the ushers of the House, with the tri-colored badge on his arm, stepped up and handed him a letter. He was seen to open it with trembling fingers and read it again and again.

Then the unexpected happened. In the tense air rose a voice from the Right. The speaker was an ex-President of the Council, a conservative, a royalist, and a Marquis. When he was seen to rise it was expected that he would move the appointment of the Committee which would order Rossi's arrest.

"Nobody will accuse me of sympathy with the sentiments of the honorable member," he said, "and nobody will suspect me of want of respect for law and reverence for human life. But I take it upon myself to say that not from this side of the Chamber will any steps be taken to punish a crime of which we know nothing except on the evidence of one who has denounced himself in order that another may not suffer. For the rest I will only say, in the name of the Chamber, arable loss if it must do without the presence of a member who unfair blow, or say an insincere word, or speak ill of any one—a dauntless, stainless Roman gentleman."

The effect of this generous eulogy was overwhelming. To relieve the strain of the last quarter of an hour the entire audience, Deputies and public, broke into a great shout of applause, and there was nothing seen on any side but heaving breasts and swarming eyes.

Then came cries of "Rossi!" "Rossi!" But Rossi's place was empty. He was gone. No one had seen him go.

IX

TEN days later, Roma had neither been liberated nor removed. "It will not be necessary," was the report of the Prefecture. The great Liberator and Remover was on his way.

At first Rossi rebelled with all his soul and strength. To go through this long and fierce fight with life and to come out victorious, and then, when all seemed to promise peace and a kind of tempered happiness, to be met by Death—the unsurmountable, the unconquerable, the inevitable! Oh, it was terrible, it was awful!

He called in specialists, talked of a change of air; even brought himself, when he was far enough away from Roma, to the length of suggesting an operation. The doctors shook their heads. At length he bowed his head. His bride-wife must leave him. He must live on without her.

While the country was busy with her plebiscite, Rossi was passing his days at the Castle of St. Angelo. The people had learned the story of Roma and Rossi by this time, and it had stirred the fires of love always burning in the children of Italy.

Meantime Roma was cheerful and sometimes even gay. Her gaiety was heart-breaking. Blinding bouts of headache were her besetting trouble, but only by the moist red asked her how she felt she told them whatever she thought and that made her happy. A bright, pathetic, tragic figure, such as only a woman can be.

With Rossi, during these ten days, she had carried on the fiction that she was getting better. This was to break the news to him, and he, on his part, to break the news to her, the little artifice, and even engaged the doctors in their mutual deception.

"And how is my darling to-day?"

"Splendid! There is really nothing to do with me. It's true I have suffered. That's why I look so pale. But I'm better now. Elena will tell you how well I slept last night. Didn't I sleep well, Elena? Elena . . . Poor Elena is going a little deaf and doesn't always speak when she is spoken to. But I'm all right, David. In fact, I'll feel no pain at all before long, and then I shall be well."

"Yes, dear, you'll feel no pain at all before long and then you'll be well."

It was pitiful. Every word seemed to be loaded with double meanings. They could find none that were not.

Rossi sat by her side, and she took one of his hands and held it on her lap between both her own. Sometimes she looked at him and she smiled. She, who had lost him for a little while, had got him back at last. It was only just in time. But a little break, and they would continue this—there. Ah, she was very happy.

"David," she began, in a faint voice.

"Dearest?"

"I have been so happy in having you with me again that there is something I have forgotten to tell you."

"What is it, dear?"

"It is nothing . . . Yes, hold my hands tight. So! . . . Really it's nothing. And yet it is everything. It is . . . it is death."

"Roma!"

Her eyelids trembled, but she tried to laugh.

"Yes, dear. True! But not immediately."

Oh, no, not immediately. But signed and sealed, you know, and not to be put aside that anybody may be happy much longer."

Her sad gaiety was breaking down. "But it's better so, isn't it?"

He did not reply.

"It's true, dear. You know it's true. God

can't forgive a woman even if she's a sinner, but the world of things, but it's no use repining."

"Roma," said Rossi, "I take God to witness that if that were all that stood between us nothing and nobody should separate you and me. They who wanted me would have to take you also. I would tell the world that you had every virtue and every heroism, and without you I could do nothing."

Her eyes filled with a fresh joy.

"You set me too high still, dear, and yet you know that I was too small and weak for you with your great work. That betrayed you. I couldn't help it, so you see . . ."

"Don't speak of my betrayal. I thank God for it, and see now that it was the best that could have happened."

At that moment a newsman below was crying, "Result of the Plebiscite—Election of the President," and a little later a band of music passed down the street. Roma, who loved at it. A little drummer boy was marching at the head of a procession, gayly rolling his rattle.

"He reminds me of little Joseph," she said, and she laughed heartily. Strange mystery of life that robs death of all its terrors!

He had put his arm about her to support her as they stood by the parapet, and this brought a new tremor of affection, as well as a little of the old physical thrill and a world of fond and tender memories. She looked into his eyes, he and in the eye-asking between them she said plainly, "Do you remember—over there?"

She took a deep breath and made a faint cry. "Do Roma!"

"Roma!"

She opened her eyes and smiled—such a smile. "Not yet, dear—soon," she said.

IX

TEN days later, Roma had neither been liberated nor removed. "It will not be necessary," was the report of the Prefecture. The great Liberator and Remover was on his way.

At first Rossi rebelled with all his soul and strength. To go through this long and fierce fight with life and to come out victorious, and then, when all seemed to promise peace and a kind of tempered happiness, to be met by Death—the unsurmountable, the unconquerable, the inevitable! Oh, it was terrible, it was awful!

While the country was busy with her plebiscite, Rossi was passing his days at the Castle of St. Angelo. The people had learned the story of Roma and Rossi by this time, and it had stirred the fires of love always burning in the children of Italy.

Meantime Roma was cheerful and sometimes even gay. Her gaiety was heart-breaking. Blinding bouts of headache were her besetting trouble, but only by the moist red asked her how she felt she told them whatever she thought and that made her happy. A bright, pathetic, tragic figure, such as only a woman can be.

With Rossi, during these ten days, she had carried on the fiction that she was getting better. This was to break the news to him, and he, on his part, to break the news to her, the little artifice, and even engaged the doctors in their mutual deception.

"And how is my darling to-day?"

"Splendid! There is really nothing to do with me. It's true I have suffered. That's why I look so pale. But I'm better now. Elena will tell you how well I slept last night. Didn't I sleep well, Elena? Elena . . . Poor Elena is going a little deaf and doesn't always speak when she is spoken to. But I'm all right, David. In fact, I'll feel no pain at all before long, and then I shall be well."

"Yes, dear, you'll feel no pain at all before long and then you'll be well."

It was pitiful. Every word seemed to be loaded with double meanings. They could find none that were not.

Rossi sat by her side, and she took one of his hands and held it on her lap between both her own. Sometimes she looked at him and she smiled. She, who had lost him for a little while, had got him back at last. It was only just in time. But a little break, and they would continue this—there. Ah, she was very happy.

"David," she began, in a faint voice.

"Dearest?"

"I have been so happy in having you with me again that there is something I have forgotten to tell you."

"What is it, dear?"

"It is nothing . . . Yes, hold my hands tight. So! . . . Really it's nothing. And yet it is everything. It is . . . it is death."

"Roma!"

Her eyelids trembled, but she tried to laugh.

"Yes, dear. True! But not immediately."

Oh, no, not immediately. But signed and sealed, you know, and not to be put aside that anybody may be happy much longer."

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THE ETERNAL CITY

EPILOGUE

IN THE FUTURE

The beautiful Roman spring, with its blush and breath of flowers, has come again.

An old gentleman of eighty odd years is at the Campo Santo. He is tall and slight, with a clean-shaven face that is full of tenderness and a white head of Jovian grandeur.

He stands leaning on a stick in the colonnade in which Roman nobles are buried, in front of a marble tomb which bears an inscription of one word only—VOLONNA. After a moment he turns away, then stops and looks back, goes on a few paces and looks back again, as if finding it difficult to tear himself from the spot.

Rome, which loves a festival, keeps festa again to-day. Flags are flying in the streets, bands are playing in the piazzas, and the people are in holiday costume. A new fountain is to be unveiled in honor of a great event. Rome, born of the loins of the world, is keeping the anniversary of the day when she became the world city.

In a trattoria on the Piazza Navona a company of young students are making the place ring with jests and happy laughter. A venerable old man enters. It is the old gentleman who was at the Campo Santo. He remains standing in the middle of the floor and gazes around as if bewildered. Silence falls on the group of students, and each looks at the other with the amused and indulgent look of happy youth. A waiter steps up to the old man and leads him to a side table.

"Found here, wasn't it, Luigi—the fountain, you know?"

"It was found in the cellar, sir, right under where you're sitting."

The old gentleman raises his head as if to listen, but a band of music goes banging through the piazza and it drowns all voices. When silence is restored a middle-aged man in the cassock of a priest, sitting near to the students, joins in their conversation.

"Just so, and you young people of the future ages have got to think of us old folk who have fought the fight before you. Tremendous things ahead of you? Yes, and tremendous things behind you too."

"Come along pretty rapidly at last, didn't they, Monsignor?"

"Seemed to, but not really. Natural law had been doing her own work toward unity for centuries before man began."

"But the Church, Monsignor—you allow that things went rapidly in the Church?"

"Not at all. The great Pope who gave up temporal power was only the sequel to the Pope who failed to found the Holy Roman Empire, as well as the Pope who established infallibility and thereby destroyed absolutism. But 'My kingdom is not of this world' was a maxim older than any of the Popes, and the Church has never known fifty such peaceful and prosperous years as since it went back to the Gospel which forbade all formal interference of religion in worldly affairs."

"But, Monsignor, won't you allow that monarchy went rapidly?"

"At last it did; but the theory of the statehood was dead from the days when humanity killed the monstrous abortion of divine right."

"But war and wealth and ownership of land—won't you allow that even they disappeared pretty quickly?"

"No, because they were disappearing all through the centuries. They carried the seeds of dissolution within themselves, and every development they made was only a stage in their decay. Now we see that it wasn't necessary for right to use might in order to remain right, and that there is practical wisdom as well as beautiful religion in the lofty saying, 'But I say unto you that you resist not evil.'"

"Ah, yes, they all thought the new order was a Utopia, didn't they?"

"Everything is a Utopia at the beginning that offers social amelioration. But the international federation is founded; even England, last of the great nations, has fallen into line, and the grand Christian dream of two thousand years ago is beginning to come."

The old gentleman at the side table, leaning his head on his hand, is listening intently. "Meantime, Monsignor, the great initiators are the great martyrs—witness the ceremony in the Colonna this afternoon."

"Initiators are always martyrs—always have been, always must be. But that's no reason why we shouldn't be initiators if we've got the mettle in us. We should live for an ideal. It is the only thing worth living for, and even if we have to die for it we should die like men, and base our hopes on citizenship of another and greater Eternal City. Who are the men who are there already? Are they those who exercised lordship in this world? Or are they the men who were in prison and in chains, the men who were burned and the men who were crucified?"

"He is there anyhow—lay your life on that," said one of the students, and a shade of sadness passes over all their youthful faces.

"Ever seen him, Monsignor?"

"No, he was gone before my time. They

elected him the first President of the Republic and made ready to give him a vast ovation, but he had disappeared. He thought he had sinned like Moses and couldn't enter the promised land."

"What became of him, do you think?"

"Who can say? It's fairly certain that during that ten years' European war which put an end to warfare he spent his life on the battlefields as a nurse and doctor. After that—who knows? Such men never do anything as history counts doing, but they're the salt of the earth for all that. He courted obscurity and got it at last. A homeless wanderer, long dead in some distant country, no doubt, and, like Moses again, no one knows the place of his grave. But there would be a great shout above, my sons, when that soul was welcomed home."

There is general silence again, and the grave young faces look down.

"And she . . . she was . . ."

"Yes, she was a martyr also—the greater martyr of the two when you come to think of it. They say the cult of the Blessed Virgin has done more to raise the status of women than any other cause at work since the days of chivalry. I should like to believe it. But look at Italy where our poor sisters used to slave in the fields until their faces had lost the human look; and look at France where outside Notre-Dame with its incense and glittering candles and pealing organ, its bleeding Christ and its weeping Virgin, there is the Morgue with a young girl's beautiful body lying on the slab. There is one thing raises the status of woman, though, if an old fellow in a cassock tells you so—that's love. And love was what made her a martyr."

"It made her a genius, too, Monsignor, if that head of the Christ in the fountain was modeled from his head."

"Ah, yes—they were the last of the great lovers."

This word raises the spirits of the young students and they begin to laugh and jest again. Meantime the old gentleman at the side table is shuffling in his seat. A waiter approaches him and asks if he is going to see the statue unveiled.

"Whose statue?" he asks, with an obvious effort.

"Why, don't you know, sir? David Rossi's. He lived in this house and the statue was found in this cellar."

The old gentleman rises and quietly goes away. No one sees him go. The merry laughter of the young students follows him into the street, where he is almost borne down by the great concourse that is going up to the Piazza Colonna.

THE END

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MR. LEWIS NIXON'S HOUSEBOAT "LOUDOUN"

A GLANCE around New York waters will show that many new houseboats have been built of late, and that family heads of moderate means have made superstructures on canal-boats and on floats of commerce bought for a song. The greatest of all floating homes is the one owned by Lewis Nixon, the designer of the *Oregon* and other vessels of the United States Navy. Mr. Nixon's is the model houseboat of this country, and perhaps of the world. The little ship's chief claim to this distinction is that she is propelled by her own steam, and is therefore independent of tugs and horses. She may move when, and to any place, her owner may elect, without having to wait for a tow or to pay the fees thereof. She is one hundred feet long, more or less, and eighteen feet wide. She is lighted by electricity, and her engines are placed in a sort of bulkhead by themselves, where they in no way intrude upon home

life. At the stern are the kitchen, pantry and servants' quarters. Then come the family bedrooms, guest chambers, and bathrooms; the dining-room being well forward. The upper deck, or what might be called the roof of the house, is simply one long lounging-place, which may be used as a piazza, a ballroom, or a playground for children. This roof-garden, as it were, is covered by two thicknesses of awning—green on the under side to rest the eyes.

On this craft the owner and his family pass the summer, moving from one place to another about the waters of New York, all aboard enjoying, meanwhile, more comfort than can be found in the ordinary cottage. This boat cost \$18,000; but this figure need not discourage those who contemplate merely a camping-out existence amid home surroundings. For a very good houseboat may be rented for from \$200 to \$1,000 for the season.



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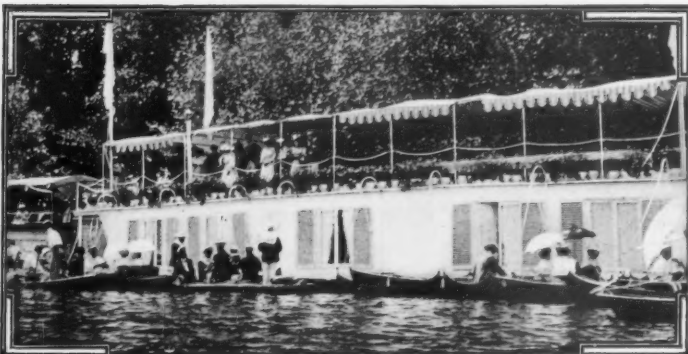


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THE HOUSEBOAT

By **GERTRUDE F. LYNCH**



WEBSTER defines a houseboat as
a "covered boat," and from
this brief description it is
quite evident that the great
lexicographer had but a lim-
ited idea of the joys attached
to such a dwelling, or he
would not have been content
to allow a definition so inade-
quate to remain. It is true
that a houseboat is a covered
boat, but it is so much more
than that that one feels justly
indignant at him for such a
slight, unintentional though it
may have been.

The houseboat is still for-
eign enough to our waters to
make its existence a matter of
interest; certainly the waters
about New York are not its chosen habitat;
one may search all over the Erie Basin, the
Breakwater, in the Harlem, in picturesque
Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and only an occa-
sional "covered boat" will reward the ex-
plorations of the industrious. What the
houseboat needs is a canal; there is an
affinity of temperament between them which
is too evident to need expression. The Morris
and Essex Canal, the Erie, the Lachine, are
dotted with them, and it is in those places,
as well as in the South in winter, where they
are seen most frequently, and although not
yet rivaling their English contemporaries in
quantity or in luxury of appointments, they are
still plentiful enough to be taken note of.

THE ORIGINAL HOUSEBOAT

The Ark was undoubtedly the first house-
boat; but, unfortunately, records give us
little idea of its domestic arrangements; its
motive power is also lost in the mists of
antiquity. Yet a traveller going up the
Thames to Henley, the Star and Garter,
Hampton Court, or wherever the point of
destination may be, will often see an ac-
knowledgment of the initial suggestion in
the word "Ark" painted in gilt letters over
the door of some roomy affair. For the most
part, however, the owners of the houseboats
have a leaning toward the picturesque in the
names chosen, and "Summerholm," "Hibis,"
"Venice," "Rosary," etc., are more likely to
be chosen.

One naturally thinks of the Thames in
speaking of the houseboat, as of the Nile in
mentioning the dahabiyeh.

Living in a houseboat for the summer is as
usual an occurrence there as residing in a
seaside cottage here, and those who do not
own one may easily rent one for a month or
two as desired. These houseboats for hire
are kept ready for occupancy, and the men
in charge will row one out from the shore
and show the good points as a janitor an
apartment. Possibly the houseboat has not
become very popular with us owing to the
fact that it does not appeal to a people who
live at express-train speed. When one has
been at high pressure all the year, the reac-
tion of a few weeks on a houseboat is almost
too violent a change and is consequently little
appreciated. This difficulty has been over-
come to a great extent by the introduction of
electric or gasoline engines, and the up-to-date
houseboat can with these make a very fair
rate of progress. It is true that the house-
boat with an electric motor hardly bears out
the idea of the typical houseboat lazily drawn

through sluggish water, but it is more Ameri-
can, and as the engine frequently breaks
down, one may have the sensation of living
à l'Anglaise, while any moral scruple is
allayed by the knowledge that there really
is an engine even if it won't work.

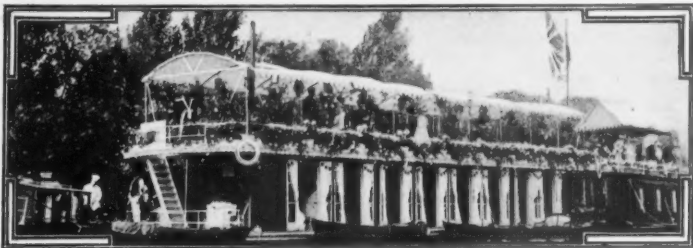
A FAMOUS NAME

One of the most charmingly appointed
houseboats that navigates hereabout is the
Waterloo, the property of a retired naval
officer, which has been built under his su-
pervision and has all the snugness of a
sailor's locker in its domestic appointments.
It has about it, also, that mysterious thing
called "atmosphere," which is evoked by the
power of its name; for the *Waterloo* has been
christened after the United States ship
Waterloo, which was in the most terrible
earthquake of modern times, that of August
8, 1868, when it was taken two miles inland
by a tidal wave, and where portions of its
hulk remain to-day. The owner of the
present *Waterloo* was on the ship at the time,
saved with the rest by a miracle, and he has
commemorated the experience in the naming
of his present floating home. This boat has
for motive power a gasoline engine, and ven-
tures into lakes, sounds and rivers, having
made the trip to the coast of the Carolinas
last winter by inland route of canals and
rivers. A description of it will serve for
many, as it has reached a climax of comfort
and roominess in its appointments.

INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS

The verbal synonym of the houseboat is
compactness, and in this respect it can give
points to a Harlem flat. The *Waterloo* has a
fair-sized dining and sitting room combined,
capable of seating six or eight people at a
pinch at its hospitable table; there are four
staterooms, each capable of accommodating
two people; the cook's galley, a bathroom,
and the engine-room. The crew consists of
pilot, engineer, and steward. Upstairs is the
pilot's house and the roof-garden, which is
really the living-room, with its overspread
awning, its comfortable seats, and its charm-
ing outlook. Not an inch of room has been
allowed to escape suitable attention. The
steps to the dining-room—or messroom, to be
nautical—may be fastened to the ceiling, and
underneath is a tiny ice-chest, stowed away
in space which would otherwise have gone to
waste. The berths in the staterooms are made
to fold up against the wall like sleeping-car
berths, so that dressing may be accomplished
in the same place where one sleeps, in which
it has an advantage over the average summer
hotel room. The bathroom is the one room
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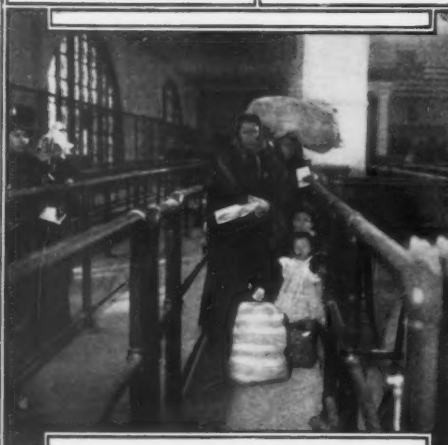
TYPE OF FRENCH IMMIGRANT



THE GOVERNMENT IMMIGRANT STATION ON ELLIS ISLAND



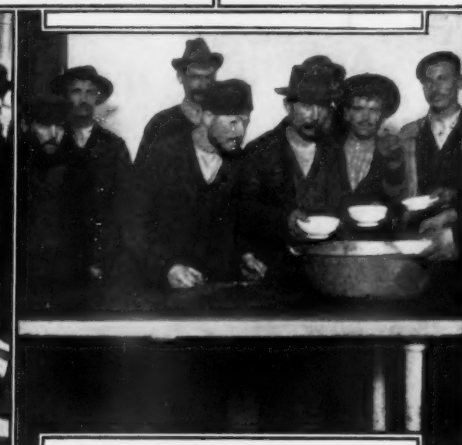
TYPE OF ITALIAN IMMIGRANT



GETTING TRANSPORTATION FOR THE FAR WEST



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WAITING TO BE EXAMINED BY THE INSPECTORS

UNCLE SAM'S GATEWAY TO THE NEW WORLD

THE GOVERNMENT STATION FOR IMMIGRANTS ON ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR

THE MAN-EATER

By HERBERT E. HAMBLEN, Author of "On Many Seas," "The General Manager's Story," Etc.
ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE



ORDINARILY, the arrival of a new engine doesn't create any particular stir on the road, but it was different with the "292"; it was her mission to revolutionize things. She was guaranteed by her builders to take five more cars over the "Hog-back" than any engine we then had—and she looked as if she might. A crowd of engineers and firemen gathered around the monster—the first of her kind to appear in that section—and lavished expert criticism on her.

Her appearance was massive in the extreme. The cab, usually a conspicuous feature, looked like a mere birdhouse perched upon the wagon-top of the huge boiler, thirty feet long and six feet in diameter at the smallest ring. But she would need it all; for the giant cylinders, twenty-two by twenty-eight inches, would each gulp two huge mouthfuls of steam at one hundred and eighty-five pounds initial pressure, at every revolution of the fifty-inch driving-wheels, iboiling power was there in abundance, and that was what she would need if she was to take an extra five cars over the Hog-back.

There were four pairs of those fifty-inch drivers coupled together, giving immense adhesion to the rails. Dave Penny said she ought to start the Rock of Gibraltar without a slip, if only you could get a strong enough coupling.

The stack towered fifteen feet above the rail, and she had a "grate area" of thirty-four and seven-tenths feet. The commissary department was represented by a tender like a warehouse, carrying five thousand gallons of water and ten tons of coal. The engine and tender occupied sixty-three feet two and one-quarter inches of track, and weighed, when coaled and watered, one hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds—nearly ninety-three tons—a leviathan, indeed.

The firemen cast disapproving glances from the ballroom floor in the tender to that hungry-looking cavern of a firebox—ten feet two inches long by forty-one inches in width—and wondered how she would steam, and how their backs would feel by the time she got to the summit with those extra five cars. Somebody called her a "Man-eater." The name seemed to fit, it was adopted by unanimous consent, and she at once proceeded to live up to it.

Three days after her arrival she was coupled to a train. She cut a green switchman's leg off before she got out of the yard, but nothing was thought of that. She waltzed the heavy train up the mountain as though it had been loaded with straw hats and palm-leaf fans, and when she got back, the engineer couldn't brag hard enough about her. He had never gone over the division so easily in his life—and hold back on the down grade? Say, she was like a mule! Her mincing appetite was a revelation to the fireman. He told the boys that he "jest sot on the corner of the footboard an' played with 'er all the way up—an' kep' 'er tail up every minute, too."

And so, for a while, the man-eater seemed to belie the name they had given her; but in less than a month, while flying down the west side of the mountain one dark night, a side-rod broke. At the next revolution the whirling steel flails sliced off the cab, and poor old Pop Vredenburg was strewn in fragments along the right-of-way. His fireman, having fortunately been back in the tender pulling down coal, escaped. That was the beginning; but, her hand once in, she became like a tiger who has tasted human blood—the fatalities followed each other with terrifying frequency. Less than two months later, a preceding train parted, the rear section ran back on top of her, killed her fireman and injured the engineer so seriously that he has never touched a throttle since.

It is necessary to go down the mountain with the engine in the back motion, to help hold the train. A rock fell on the track, got under her and broke the lifting-shaft, allowing her to drop into the forward motion. She shot down the mountain like a meteor, left the track at a reverse curve and piled the whole train in the ditch; four lives were lost there. Shortly after this a tube collapsed and scalded the fireman to death. Again, while an engineer was crawling under her to set up a loose nut, she started of her own volition and cut him in two. In less than fourteen months she had eight names on her list, and the men were on the verge of a panic; it was felt that an assignment to her was equivalent to a death sentence.

So far, the only expression of the general feeling had been confined to grumblings and vague threats on sidings—at a safe distance from prying official ears. To be sure, Barry Lane, one of the younger engineers, had bashfully asked at "the meet'n" if the men didn't think something ought to be done about her, but the question not being in the prescribed

form of a motion the presiding officer escaped an awkward situation by ignoring it.

And so things ran along until the pathetic case of Frank McDonald aroused the men to action. Frank had been East for thirty days, and came back with a charming young wife from the old home. The 292 was turned out of the shop after one of her perennial scrapes and put on his train. He installed his bride in the little cottage he had built for her on the hill, and went out on the man-eater. It was on the return trip that he got it. She broke loose from the train, and before all hands could get themselves together, as it were, the cars crashed into her. Frank was pinned to the boiler-head, and his piteous pleading for them to kill him was almost more than the men could stand. He was dead long before they got him out, and those who witnessed his sufferings swore that something had got to be done; she would kill the last man of them if not checked.

A joint committee waited on the general manager and stated their grievance. The old gentleman acknowledged the justice of their complaint, said it was horrible, and asked what they wanted him to do. That was the conundrum; none of them had the nerve to propose the only effective remedy—viz., that she be either sold or destroyed. The master mechanic, a pep-

if he were an engineer he would refuse to take her out; and, further, that if the engineers were "any good" they would all refuse in turn, let the consequences be what they might.

The gauntlet, cast in his very teeth, was eagerly accepted by Larry. Springing from the nail-keg whereon he sat, he shook a nervous finger under Skillings's nose and told him none but a cur would thus assail the characters of the men of an entire division. Joe blustered a bit, but his sand box was empty, and he subsided, while Larry, blazing with wrath, told him he feared neither him nor the man-eater. He asked Joe to nominate a meeting-place, where he would be too happy to give him any satisfaction he might demand, and declared that he would ask for engine 292 immediately she came from the shop.

Jessie was sorting mail in the postal inclosure. Her plump cheeks flushed, then paled as the angry note in the voices of her admirers reached her. But when she heard Larry's rash announcement she dropped, faint and white, upon her stool. The breath came short between her parted lips as she stared at him with wide-open eyes. None had ever spoken thus flippantly of the man-eater. The oldest engineers had frankly acknowledged their fear of her; it sounded like tempting Providence; it was a fact that none who had run her, so far, had come off scathless. A silence fell upon the entire party; they looked at Larry and at each other, as though under a spell. Then some attempted to dissuade him, saying she would come to him soon enough—no need to go hunting for trouble; but Joe sneeringly remarked that they need have no fear; by the time Larry had slept on it he would change his mind.

The talk simmered down, but the company had become distasteful to Larry, and he soon afterward took his departure. There was a swish of skirts at the side door as he went out, and an unfamiliar protuberance on the bole of the horse-chestnut by the gate resolved itself into Miss Jessie as he approached. She half repented the boldness of her act, but it was too late now, so she assumed a thin air of nonchalance and asked:

"Going dreadfully early, aren't you, Larry?" Despite her efforts at concealment, Larry detected a slight quaver which sent a thrill through him; he didn't believe she had ever spoken to Joe Skillings like that.

"There's to be a meet'n' down at the hall," he replied, "an' I want to be there—the committee's goin' to report." She stood just within the shadow of the big tree, and her whole attitude bespoke such earnestness, was so eloquent of interest in him and his affairs, that he was sorely tempted to lay violent hands on her—"put it to the touch and win or lose it all" right there.

Like an unconscious sigh of relief, an "Oh!" escaped her. Then, dissembling, she added lightly, "I didn't know but you were off to have it out with Joe; I'm glad you're not, for I don't like fellows who fight."

Larry laughed at that. "No fear, Jessie," he replied; "it would take a speedier one than me to fight Joe. You know the old cook-book motto: 'First catch your hare.'"

They chaffed a while pleasantly, as young folks will when a momentous topic which neither dares approach hovers in the air. Billy Paine passed, doffed his hat to Jessie and asked Larry if he was going to the meeting. "In a minute," said Larry—a broad hint to Billy that he needn't wait.

The spell was broken. It was impossible to resume, so Larry bade her a reluctant good-evening and started for the gate, depressed by a sense of something lacking in himself and vaguely angry with Billy Paine.

Jessie turned toward the house, a dissatisfied cloud upon her brow. She took but a step, hesitated, turned and laid a soft hand upon Larry's as he closed the gate.

"Larry?" undecidedly.

"Yes," eagerly.

"Do you suppose you'll get the man-eater?"

"I guess there'll be no doubt about it; the ol' man'll be only too glad to have somebody ask for her."

"What makes you ask?"

"Why—why—you see I can't very well help it, now."

"Well—well—be careful—won't you?"

"I will if you want me to."

The full harvest moon never looked down upon a fairer sight than the upturned face of Jessie Berry as she gazed full into the eyes of the young man who, she had suddenly learned, was so very dear to her. The silver light rippled among her chestnut curls and bathed her lissome form in its glorifying beams. Her bosom heaved with a new sensation. Her lip quivered, the gentle tears welled to her eyes, and with an effort, bashfully and almost inaudibly, she murmured, "I do care." Then, overcome by a sense of the enormity of her confession, she buried her blushing face in her hands with a quick motion and sobbed, "I ha—ha—hate Joe Skillings!"

Like a mountain panther, Larry vaulted over the gate and clasped her in his arms.

Larry Sturtevant was away late at the meeting. The chair-



"THE NINETY-THREE TON CATAPULT SHOT OFF AT AN ANGLE . . ."

pery little man, was called in for advice. He assumed that his department was on trial, and defended it snappishly. What was the charge? What was the matter with that engine? Were not all engineers' work reports complied with? Were these unfortunate accidents other than the most commonplace? No? Well, then, what was the complaint—what did they expect?

That was where he had them; they couldn't put a finger on her anywhere, and say, "This is it." The upshot of it all was that nothing was accomplished.

Sweet Jessie Berry, the postmaster's daughter, was the acknowledged belle of Sundown, the division headquarters. Larry Sturtevant seemed to have rather the inside track of her four suitors, though the minx kept them all guessing. On the evening of the committee's fizzle the usual swarm of human moths gathered in the store, to watch each other, and sing their wings in the light of Miss Jessie's brown eyes. The conversation naturally drew round to the man-eater and her doings; Larry being the only engineer present, Joe Skillings, conductor of the train that killed McDonald, and Larry's close second in Miss Jessie's regards, said that

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It is easy to keep well if we would only ob-
serve each day a few simple rules of health.

The all important thing is to keep the stom-
ach right and to do this it is not necessary to
diet or to follow a set rule or bill of fare.
Such pampering simply makes a capricious
appetite and a feeling that certain favorite
articles of food must be avoided.



Prof. Wicthold gives pretty good advice on
this subject, he says: "I am 68 years old
and have never had a serious illness, and at
the same time my life has been largely an in-
door one, but I early discovered that the way
to keep healthy was to keep a healthy stom-
ach, not by eating bran crackers or dieting of
any sort; on the contrary I always eat what
my appetite craves, but for the past eight
years I have made it a daily practice to take
one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after
each meal and I attribute my robust health
for a man of my age to the regular daily use
of Stuart's Tablets.

"My physician first advised me to use them
because he said they were perfectly harmless
and were not a secret patent medicine, but
contained only the natural digestives, pepsines
and diastase, and after using them a few weeks
I have never ceased to thank him for his
advice.

"I honestly believe the habit of taking
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after meals is the
real health habit, because their use brings
health to the sick and ailing and preserves
health to the well and strong."

Men and women past fifty years of age need
a safe digestive after meals to insure a perfect
digestion and to ward off disease, and the
safest, best known and most widely used is
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

They are found in every well regulated
household from Maine to California and in
Great Britain and Australia are rapidly push-
ing their way into popular favor.

All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets,
full sized packages at 50 cents and for a weak
stomach a fifty cent package will often do fifty
dollars worth of good.

man of the committee had just finished his
official report as he entered the hall. It
was most unsatisfactory. Half a dozen
engineers sprang to their feet with unre-
sounding protests. The committee was pounded
unmercifully. "Why hadn't they done"—
any one of a score of things they were not
authorized to? Rank disorder prevailed while
the indignant railroaders raved of their just
grievance against the man-eater, of the pusil-
linity of their committee, and proposed illogi-
cal and anarchistic remedies. They'd strike!
They would tie his old streak of iron-rust up
so tight he wouldn't be able to undo the knot
with his teeth. They would disable the roll-
ing devil that was killing them off like flies—
blow 'er up—burn 'er out—something or
other.

When, from sheer inability to continue,
they quieted down, the chairman arose and
asked with sardonic humor, "Who will vol-
unteer to bell this cat?"

Larry had come to the meeting treading on
air. A scheme wild and, under any other
circumstances, most reprehensible, gradually
took rough form in his mind. So it came
about that when the chairman asked that
leading question—it was Larry Sturtevant,
one of the youngest engineers in road service,
who arose and modestly answered, "I will."

Every face turned to his as though it were
a magnet.

"She'll be out o' the shop in a couple o'
days," he continued, "an' I'll ask the ol'
man to let me have 'er. The 62" (his en-
gine) "ought to 'a' gone to the shop for a
general overhau'lin' last week; but the man-
eater always has the first call."

The very next day a new combination ap-
peared. Jessie's brother, Alf—the very apple
of her eye—had been employed about the
roundhouse for a year, and had recently done
considerable extra firing. Larry's fireman
was promoted to a vacancy caused by the
man-eater's inordinate appetite for engineers,
and Alf got his job.

That evening Larry was summoned to the
post-office woodshed for a tearfully protesting
interview with the new-found idol of his heart.
Her darling brother's life must not be endan-
gered. It was a terrible pressure, and possi-
bly Larry might have been induced to with-
draw the angrily spoken defiance to Joe Skill-
ings; but now it was different—he had given
his word to the whole lodge. It was then,
under the stress of her tears and pleadings,
with the sweet face clasped between his
hands, and looking deep down into the
brown eyes, that Larry confided to her,
alone, a sketch of his plan—of how he pro-
posed to draw the man-eater's sting; to ren-
der her innocuous for all time. It required
all his eloquence to persuade her, but she
finally admitted that it was better—for Alf—
that the man-eater should be tamed now, than
that she should have a chance at the boy later
on.

Larry had risen from the position of section-
hand, and his old foreman, Mike Connolly,
still held sway over sections 8-9. A firm
friendship had ever existed between the two
men. Larry never failed to salute as he
passed, and Mike never tired of telling how
he "broke the b'y in; as green a punkin-
hunker as ever ken over the pike."

The evening after the session in the wood-
shed Larry and Mike had a long and serious
talk on a log in the deep woods back of the
section shanty. Mike was more loyal to the
company than is usual with old railroaders,
and he was strictly and devoutly conscien-
tious. It was difficult proselyting, but Larry
wrestled with the old doubter to good purpose.
He dilated upon the heinousness of the man-
eater's crimes, but Mike pointed him down to
the admission that premeditated malice could
not be proven. At last, in desperation, he
told of his love for the postmaster's pretty
daughter—in whose train there was no more
abject slave than this same grizzled old Mike
Connolly—and dwelt upon her heart-broken
state now that he was to go out on the man-
eater. The old fellow's warm Celtic heart was
touched by the tale. A great brown paw de-
scended on Larry's shoulder like a pile-driver;
Mike seized his hand in a grip that made him
wince, and exclaimed with great fervor, "That

settles it, me b'y; I'm wid ye in annythin'
from pitch-an' toss to murder!"

The old man hummed and hawed, and said
he had another train picked out for the 292.
But that was all pretence, and Larry knew it.
However, he humored the boss—as you have
to—pleading that the 62 wasn't fit to run—
which was the Gospel truth—and so he got
the man-eater. When Alf saw her he went
into a blue funk and mumbled something
about not feeling well and reporting himself
sick, but Larry told him she had been ma-
ligned, that she was the best engine on the
road, and a snap for firemen; all of which
was also true.

The man-eater took the train up the moun-
tain with her proverbial ease, and Larry's
conscience smote him. She certainly was a
darling, and it seemed too bad—but he re-
membered her record and hardened his heart
against her. There was a short, reverse curve
on the steepest part of the grade, within a
quarter of a mile of the summit. This was
where the old engines invariably died, pro-
vided they got that far. Larry pounded her
good and plenty, so that Alf had no chance
to straighten his back. Blinded by the sun-
like glare of the fire, the boy failed to see his
engineer crawl over the coal to the back of
the tender. He carried the end of a thin
copper wire, which he passed through the
eye in the bell-cord stanchion. He attached a
strong hook to it, slipped down and hooked
it in the coupling pin in the engine draw-
head. Holding the wire tight, to prevent its
unhooking, he quickly retraced his steps,
and a moment later was back on his seat in
the cab, the wire firmly grasped in his right
hand.

As she pitched over the ridge of the Hog-
back, Larry, with guiltily fluttering heart,
peered anxiously ahead. Far down, at the
foot of the mountain, in a dense black
shadow, he saw a faint point of light. He
exhaled a long breath of relief—Mike had
not failed him.

The hard pull over, Alf dropped the scoop
and climbed upon his seat for the ride down
the mountain. "Chug—chug—chug" the
cars dropped, one after another, against the
engine as they pitched over. Larry had her
in the back motion, and as they approached
a marshy spot on the fireman's side, he told
Alf to get down in the gangway and look
back to see if the caboose was coming. It
was an unusual order, for he could see as
well from his seat, but he obeyed without
question. She was down to ten miles an
hour when they reached the soft spot, and
Larry startled Alf with a sudden and per-
emptory order to jump. The boy hesitated;
everything was going all right, why should
he jump? Larry made a threatening motion,
and shouted wildly, "Git off—I tell ye—git
off!"

There was no mistaking that tone and man-
ner. Believing Larry had suddenly gone in-
sane, the boy leaped out into the darkness,
and landed unharmed in the soft, sticky mud.

His promise to Jessie for her brother's
safety fulfilled, Larry stood up and looked
back over the train. Four dancing white
lights informed him that the crew were out,
standing by the handbrakes. The eventful
moment having arrived, his nerves were like
iron. With a grim smile, he reached up in
the dark cab and blew the "broke-in-two"
signal. The point of light at the foot of the
mountain revolved rapidly in a guarded
"come-ahead!" He looked back again.

The conductor's lamp acknowledged his
warning, while the stationary position of
the others told him the men had set them
down and were twisting up the brakes.
Once more he blew the "broke-in-two"
signal, and noted Mike's reply. Then he
opened the sand-lever wide—to help the
boys hold the train—dropped the reverse
lever into the forward motion, gave her a
savage kick, said, "Go it, blast ye!" and
lit out into the rock lined ditch. He re-
ceived scratches and bruises innumerable,
and had a leg broken, but that was nothing
—from the man-eater.

Like a stone dropping down a well, like a
kingfisher in pursuit of an orphan herring,
was the flight of the man-eater down the
mountain. An omnipotent eye might have
seen a rail near the trestle with the spikes
drawn for half its length, the fishplate dis-
connected, and the end bent in, toward the
centre of the track; also a gray-bearded
man, with wild eyes and blanched cheeks,
tearing through the scrub in the direction of
the section shanty.

When the one hundred and eighty five thou-
sand-pound catapult reached the derailing de-
vice, going a hundred miles an hour, ties and
trestlework filled the air. She shot off at an
angle, described a magnificent parabola, and
landed squarely on her head in Black Gulch
Creek, ninety feet below the trestle.

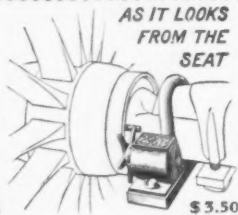
Railroad wreckers are justly proud of their
ability to cope with unique difficulties. Dave
Unwin, the boss wrecker, swore that he would
land the 292 on her wheels on the trestle in
twenty hours—but he didn't. An unsus-
pected quicksand in the bed of the creek
kindly received her and wrote "Fins" to
her murdering career forever.

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Your
Horse
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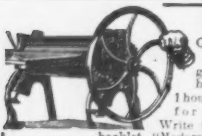


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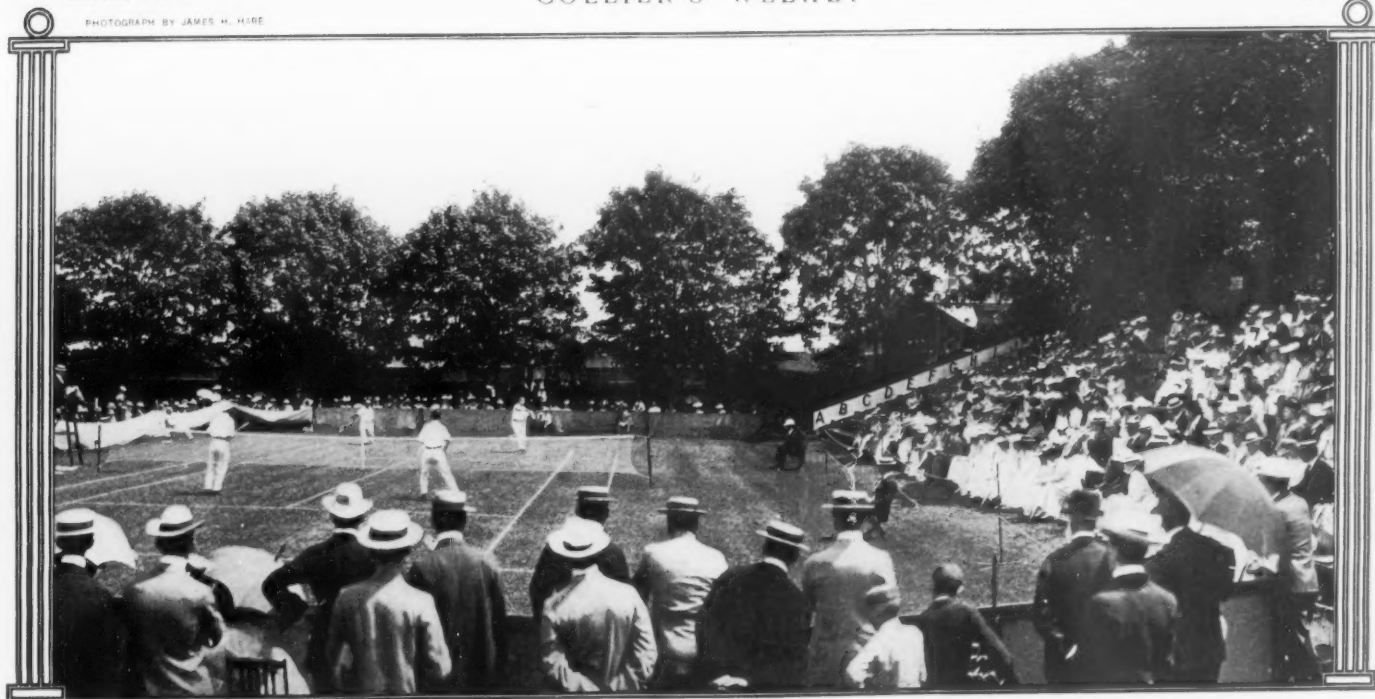
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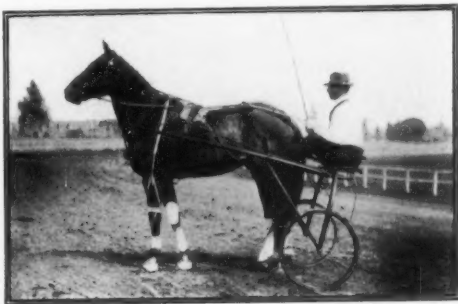
ALEXANDER AND LITTLE VS. WRIGHT AND WARE IN THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS TOURNAMENT, NEWPORT, R. I.

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

NEWPORT TENNIS

THE National Championship Tennis Tournament began on Aug. 13 at Newport, with East vs. West doubles, and the preliminary round in the singles. The contest for the doubles was between Ware and Wright, and Little and Alexander. Ware proved himself to be what he has always been accounted, a remarkably good man in doubles. At times he is very strong in singles, but his play varies, whereas, in the doubles, he seems to be steady at all times. Both sides exhibited good team work, and the long tournament practice together of Little and Alexander enabled them to make up for much of the individual excellence exhibited by their opponents. Little proved the stronger of the Princeton men, and his balls went closer to the net and with sharper cut than his partner's. He also did some good smashing. The match was a singular one in point of score. Certainly never before in a five-set championship match has the short end of the score footed up so little. The games scored, not by losers of the match, but by the losing side in each set, footed but eight, and four of these games were in the fourth set; the scores being 6-1, 2-6, 6-0, 4-6, 6-1. Ware and Wright winning the first, third and fifth, and giving their opponents in these three sets but two games. The reason for these rapid and remarkable reversals of scores lay in the fact that the sides changed their style of play from one set to another more markedly than usual.



CRESCUEUS

When Ware and Wright faced the holders of the championship, Davis and Ward, there was a feeling that there was more than a chance for the challengers to win. This was due to the repeated reports that Davis was "off his game," and that Ware and Wright would play at him in the hope of thus accomplishing the downfall of the pair. Evidently Davis was put upon his mettle by these floating suggestions; for—and this was true especially of his over-head shots—he was never stronger. He scored a total of 37 points against 23 for Ward, besides winning 7 aces on his service. When one considers that Ward himself was playing such a safe sure game as to make in the entire match but twenty-seven errors against nearly double that number for Davis, it is no wonder that the champions held their place and put out the challengers in three straight games. Between Ware and Wright there was little to choose. Ware's service was rather more effective than Wright's, and his pace was a little faster on returns.

The first set was taken by the champions, 6-3; all parties being more or less nervous and finding it hard to settle down. The next set was exceedingly interesting. Davis lost the first game of the set on his service, and Wright followed up by winning his first. Then they alternated till the score was 4 all. Davis's service proved effective at this point, and the champions made it 5-4. Then Ware and Wright came again and tied the score at



CRESCUEUS LEADING THE ABBOT IN RACE AT BRIGHTON BEACH

5 all. The service was effective after that, until 8-7 had been called, when the champions broke through on two pretty passes by Davis and one by Ward, and succeeded in winning the set, 9-7. The third and final set found the champions coming faster than ever and they allowed Ware and Wright but one game in the set.

In the singles there was very little of especial interest on the first day. Sands, who several years ago was accounted as one of the promising men, and who has been playing in tournaments abroad for two or three years, entered and was drawn against Paret. Paret is a proposition to almost any player at any time, and Sands' game is not the style of game to puzzle the New Yorker. Sands' stroke is something of a cut, and it was at Paret's mercy and suited him exactly, for he rushed to the net and stayed there. J. J. Astor was defeated by the Philadelphian, Foulke, but scored two games out of each of the first two sets and four in the third. There were no special upsets, all the men coming through very much as expected.

On the second day, Ware, Larned, Clothier, Wright, and Hobart all had practical walkovers. Paret was the only man who had much of a fight, and he found a hard customer in J. B. Read, who won the first set on him, 7-5. Paret, however, as usual, tired his man out and won the next three, taking the last one, 6-1. I. C. Wright gave Richard Stevens something of a rub in the first set, but faded away in the other two.

On the next day there were really but three matches worth seeing, the one in which Clothier defeated Paret being the most entertaining of the lot, although a great deal of interest centered in the Ward-Davis match, which received the position of honor on the Championship court. Those who took long chances on Ward against his partner came to grief, just as did the unlucky ones who believed in the stories about Davis

being out of condition just previous to the doubles. Ward's backers, however, got a lot of satisfaction out of the first set, for Davis moved around the slippery court like an elephant on the ice, and Ward ran up the first set, 6-1; then he took the first three games in the next set, and those who had backed him remarked that they "never saw an easier thing," when suddenly Davis set out to play in earnest, and before Ward could stop him he had run six straight games and taken the set. His earnestness also ran over into the next set; for after it had started at 2-1 in Ward's favor, Davis ran the next five games with ease. In the last set Ward made an excellent effort, and after Davis had him 3-love and 4-1, managed to bring the score to 4 all. Davis was too much for him, however, and won out in the next two games. Ward made very few errors, but Davis earned his points.

In the Larned-Stevens match, Stevens made his usual heroic showing, and, flitting up and down the base line, played many marvellous ground strokes and did work enough to win twenty matches. Larned would send the ball well back into one corner, Stevens would run after it and return it to Larned, who was waiting for it to drive it into the other corner. Thus Stevens hurried back and forth like a pendulum, Larned effectively killing the ball when the opportunity came. For all that, Stevens made the last two sets deuce sets.

The Clothier-Paret match was a most creditable triumph

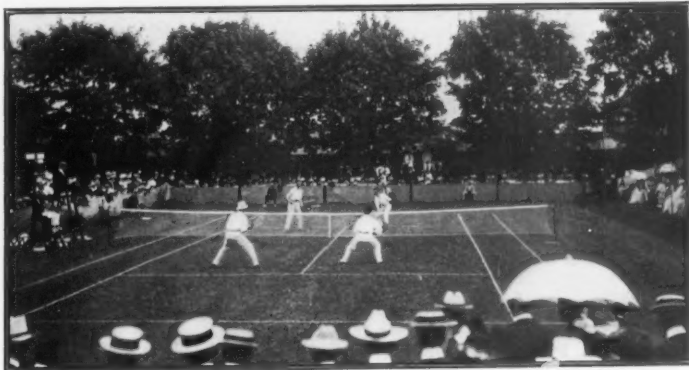


THE ABBOT

for the Philadelphian. Paret exercised his well-known shrewdness, and Clothier was bothered many times by his short low pass and by Paret's occasional change of tactics; but Clothier has "class" in him to get higher, and he proved it in this match, winning after a hard struggle in a five-set contest, in the last and deciding set showing good nerve (for Paret had him 4-3) and winning out, 6-4.

Every one felt rather sorry for Davis when, on Friday, after a game struggle, he succumbed to Beals Wright. He had had a hard week of it, and while his service was good, his condition, which, as previously noted, had been suspected by his opponents, finally betrayed itself. In the first set, with five games to nothing against him, he took the sixth and seventh, but was unable to do more. In the second set he started off at a good pace and crowded Wright into difficulties, securing a lead of 3-1, then 4-2; but Wright was clever and worked hard, finally bringing the set to 4 all. Then came a long deuce and vantage in the fourteenth game, and three times Wright was within a point of the set, only to be pulled down by Davis. At last, Wright succeeded in securing the point and set. Davis became a good deal discouraged by the result of the second set, and, manifestly tired, went down easily at 6-3.

The match between Little and Clothier was of great interest to all, as the two men had



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W. A. LARNED

ment, and he seemed more or less wearied by the long, hard struggle with Paree the day before. The first set Little defeated him easily, at 6-3. The next set, Clothier started off faster and secured a lead of 3-0. Then he seemed to lose his nerve, and Little passed him repeatedly, when he tried to run in on his returns. The games were 8 all, but then the Princeton player came fast, and scored the set. In the next, Clothier seemed to recover himself, and played with confidence and dash, and before Little could hold him at all he ran out the set, 6-1. It was evident that Little was saving himself somewhat in the latter part of this set, when he found it going so strongly against him. In the last and deciding set he played his best game, and exactly reversed the score of the preceding one, allowing the Philadelphian but one game in the set.

Ware had an easy thing with Larned, and the younger Larned defaulted to his brother.

On Saturday, Wright, encouraged from his victory of Friday, and with youth and strength on his side, carried out expectations by defeating Hobart, the winner of the all comers ten years ago. Incidentally, Wright took revenge for his defeat by the veteran some weeks since in the Crescent Club Invitation Tournament. It was rather expected that Hobart would secure a set at least, but he disappointed his friends in this respect, although he made a hard struggle for it in the second, having it 6-5 and 40 love. The play was a further demonstration of the strength of the modern game and the struggle for the net. It is unquestioned that there was a time when American tennis players lost sight of everything in a mad rush for the net upon all occasions.



PINE ORCHARD COUNTRY CLUB—FAIR GREEN OF THE SEVENTH HOLE

That time has passed. But the younger set, as represented on the courts to-day, with their determination and volleying ability, can certainly beat the long, fast, back court strokes as represented by Hobart. There were times in this match when Wright took too many chances in going for the net, especially when Hobart had the ball where he wanted it, and was not cramped in his return. In these cases, Hobart frequently passed the Harvard man, but these chances did not alter the complexion of the game and Wright eventually won in three straight sets: 6-3, 8-6, 6-4.

Rain stopped the Larned Ware game on Monday, the 19th, with one set, 6-2, in Larned's favor and one game each in the second set. The game was resumed on Tuesday, and, according to the rule, the match was to begin where it left off on the previous day. Larned had the service and the worst side in the first game, the sun being in his eyes. He lost the game, but won the next. Ware won the fifth. At this Larned settled down and took the next four games and the set by 6-3. In the third set Ware was outclassed, Larned playing an exceedingly brilliant game, his strokes and volleys being cut at the sharpest angles, and not hesitating to play within a few inches of the line.

met twice before. In the Intercollegiate Championship last fall, Little defeated Clothier in straight sets, but in the spring Clothier reversed this by defeating Little in the same fashion. It was manifest to those about the courts, as soon as they started, that Clothier was not volleying as strongly as he had thus far through the tournament.

Ware took the first and fourth games, but Larned took the others and the set, 6-2; the final score being 6-2, 6-3, 6-2.

In the Wright-Little match, the former did not have such an easy time; he was slow, and let the Princetonian get 3-0 and 4-2 before he realized his position. Wright pulled up even at 4 all and then took the odd game, only to lose the next, however, which tied the score at 5 all. Little lost the next two games, and Wright won the set, 7-5. Little won the second set with four very clever and swift games.

In the third set, Wright realized that he must work, and work he did. He took the first three games, Little getting but three points. Little took the fourth and his only game of the set. Score, 6-1. The last was almost as easy, Wright taking four straight games, while Little got but two out of the set. Final score, 7-5, 2-6, 6-1, 6-2. The results of Tuesday's games brings Wright and Larned together in finals for the Championship, as Champion M. D. Whitman defaults in the challenge round to his challenger.

The finals on Wednesday again demonstrated the necessity of a cool head and abundance of nerve at the critical moments of the game. For twelve years, W. A. Larned has sought diligently for the title of champion, only to be thwarted at some critical moment by lack of nerve, after having the title almost within his reach. In the first set Wright was exceptionally nervous, letting Larned get a lead of 4-1. The latter was very accurate in his cross-court strokes and volleying at the net. Wright secured but two games out of the set. Score, 6-2. The second set was won by Wright after hard playing; he took the first two games, only to lose the next three. Two deuce games played Wright on top at 5-4. Soon after, he had 4-3 and needed only one stroke for the set, but Larned shot the ball across the court in front of him for a clean pass as he ran up behind his service



BEALS C. WRIGHT

and saved the set for the moment. He took the game, too, but it was only to stave off defeat for a time, for Wright kept on forcing the play hard and won the set, 8-6, and tying the score at 1 set all.

The third set found Larned very slow and distressed. He took the lead at 2-1, but Wright tied the score at 2 all by taking the next game. At this Larned braced himself and won the set at 6-4. The fourth set gave Newport one of the finest exhibitions of lawn tennis seen for many years. With the score at 3-1 in Wright's favor, Larned ran four straight games, two of them to deuce and two of them to love, taking the lead at 5-3. Wright took the next, but Larned secured the sixth, which gave him the set and the championship. Score by sets: 6-2, 6-8, 6-4, 6-4.

TRIUMPH OF THE TROTTER

The triumph of the trotter was made complete by the remarkable performance of Crescens in his race against The Abbot before twenty thousand spectators at Brighton Beach. To trot a mile in 2 minutes 21 seconds on time probably seemed to this magnificent brute like foolish work, but not one who saw him actually racing against The Abbot could help being impressed with the stallion's



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knowledge that then he was beating another horse.

The track was fair, but not exceptionally fast. It was inclined to be weedy. Some good judges considered it fully a second slower than the track on which Cresceus made his record of 2.021. As early as ten in the morning people had begun to gather at the grand stand, and by two o'clock every seat in it was filled and people were packed in densely on the lawn in front of the stand. On fences, roofs, trees, and everywhere that a perch was obtainable outside the track, there were spectators. Finally, those on the lawn were permitted to cross the track and stand in the infield. When the horses came out, Cresceus did not please his backers, for he seemed a little stiff, but he limbered up somewhat and was going more freely after scoring once or twice. At last they came down to the start, this time evidently in deadly earnest. Cresceus was moving strongly and with perfect steadiness. As they passed the gilded quarter pole the timers caught him at 30. The Abbot was coming fast, and was hanging on, although there was open space. As the leader passed the half-mile the figures dropped at 1.014, and the people knew that the best time ever made in a race was likely to be beaten.

By this time The Abbot was nearly three lengths behind, but here he began to creep up, and soon he had his nose at the rear wheel of Ketchum's sulky. Then the latter steadied his horse for the wire, and, coming like a lion with perfect precision, Cresceus extended those white-booted legs and began to pull away once more. Geers brought his whip down on The Abbot's side, as the former champion swerved a bit, and straightened him out, but he could not gain, and Cresceus crossed the wire a winner by an open length, at 2.031. The game work of The Abbot was worth recording, for he has not started in racing this year, nor has he trotted a mile in his work in less than 2.11. Hence his performance in covering the distance in 2 minutes 32 seconds was something astonishing and bespoke the gameness of the gelding.

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